A DEMI-REP of Fashion

MEMOIRS

OF A

DEMI-REP OF FASHION;

OR, THE

PRIVATE HISTORY

OF

Miſs AMELIA GUNNERSBURY.

CONTAINING

Curious ANECDOTES of Perſons of the Firſt Rank, which illuſtrate many celebrated and eminent Characters.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

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OF A

DEMI-REP of FASHION.

CHAP. I.

The pedigree of Miſs Amelia Gunnerſbury, and a refutation of ſome errors in anceſtry. Her early genius and purſuits.

THE world has long been perplexed and confounded, to trace the pedigree and alliance of the heroine of theſe ſheets. Some have aſcribed to her a royal, others a noble deſcent; whilſt the more ill-natured part of the world have ſuppoſed her extraction ſo mean that it has been her conſtant care to conceal it: but neither of theſe conjectures is founded in truth. However equivocal it may appear to ſay ſhe had two fathers, the aſſertion might be allowed; but as ſhe, certainly, had but one mother, her conduct will, probably, ſolve the difficulty.

The mother of Amelia was a very agreeable woman, and being married at eighteen, ſhe had many admirers after the connubial knot was tied. The foremoſt upon this liſt was Mr. ———, who was her neighbour, and one of the commiſſioners of the ——.

Her huſband's affairs were at this time in a very unpromiſing way; and Mrs. Gunnerſbury, who had hitherto lived genteelly, finding that affluence ſhe was diſpoſed to enjoy curtailed at home, ſhe had recourſe to the commiſſioner's purſe, to ſupport it abroad. When a woman has once found the *douceurs* of a man's generoſity, he naturally expects ſhe ſhould make ſuch returns as are in her power, eſpecially when ſhe does not pretend to inherit any of Diana's virtue, and at moſt talks only of prudence and conjugal affections: theſe were the ſole weapons that Mrs. Gunnerſbury oppoſed to Mr. ——'s warmeſt expoſtulations, which at length melted the icicles of her heart, and ſhe performed the part of Danae, whilſt he, Jupiter-like, fell into her arms with a ſhower of gold.

Matters having taken this turn, we ſhall not for the preſent enquire whether Mr. Gunnerſbury, like many of his cotemporaries, acted the character of a contented cuckold, and winked at his wife's conduct for the ſake of convenience. Her behaviour might, perhaps, for ſome time have been a ſecret to him; and ſhe might, probably, during the ſame period, have practiſed ſome ſtratagems to make him partake of the commiſſioner's bounty, without being acquainted with its price. But at length their connection became ſo glaring, and her venter ſo prominent, notwithſtanding her

huſband

husband had been in the country for upwards of six months, that the world pronounced, without hesitation, that the commissioner had been *locum tenens* to Mr. Gunnersbury during his absence.

At this crisis her husband returned; and finding there was no method to prevent what was past, like a true philosopher, he set about considering how to reap some advantage in future from his misfortunes. He remonstrated with the commissioner, who heard him with candour, and replied to him with generosity—Mr. Gunnersbury was appointed commander of one of the c—— h— yachts, and has ever since retained the title of captain.

Mrs. Gunnersbury continued to advance happily in her pregnancy, and she was in due time delivered of—— Amelia, the heroine of these sheets.

Her infancy passed, like that of most children, without any particular incidents sufficient to render it memorable in her memoirs. We shall therefore, now, suppose her seven years old, somewhat short of her age, inclining to be plump, with expressive eyes, and a great share of vivacity.

Her real father was very solicitous about her education; and therefore had her early sent to a genteel boarding-school, where she made an uncommon progress in the polite accomplishments. She soon danced the best minuet in the whole school, and her language-master pronounced her the best scholar he had. So promising an account of the progress Amelia made in her learning, was very agreeable to the commissioner, who was now more firmly resolved than ever that no

expence ſhould be ſpared in her education; and he gave orders that ſhe ſhould have a muſic and an Italian maſter, who ſoon found her a pupil that would do honour to their inſtructions.

Whilſt Amelia was at the boarding-ſchool, ſhe loſt her mother; yet this no way diminiſhed the commiſſioner's kindneſs to her, who ſometimes paid her a perſonal viſit, paſſing for her uncle, and conſtantly ſupplied her with the genteeleſt cloaths, and all neceſſary pocket-money.

By theſe outlines of Amelia's juvenile days, it was reaſonable to expect ſhe might hereafter make an elegant figure upon the theatre of politeneſs, as her good ſenſe and vivacity kept pace with the increaſe of her knowledge.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The progreſs our heroine makes in polite accompliſhments. The ſelection ſhe makes of her companions. A deſcription of Miſs Harriot Lawſon, with ſome account of her lovers. The cauſe of her being taken home. Amelia's intimacy with Miſs Williams. Her father recalls her.

IT ſeldom happens that young ladies remain long at a boarding-ſchool, without making ſuch an acquaintance with ſome of their ſchool-fellows, as almoſt borders upon, and frequently terminates, in friendſhip. Every one ſeemed emulous of promoting a peculiar intimacy with Amelia, as ſhe was conſidered, and not without reaſon, as the genius of the ſchool: ſhe was always an example in her governeſs's mouth, for ſuch young ladies as were backward in their learning: indeed, ſuch commendations before a young lady's face, might have inflated many with ſo much vanity, as to have been afterwards their certain deſtruction; but Amelia had diſcernment ſufficient to diſtinguiſh between the imaginary talents that were imputed to her, and ſuch as ſhe really poſſeſſed: and though at twelve years old ſhe was a prodigy in the languages, muſic, and dancing, ſhe was never known to attribute to herſelf any merit upon theſe heads amongſt her ſchool-fellows, or held any one of them in contempt, for being her inferior in accompliſhments.

This modeſt diſpoſition in Amelia gave her additional recommendations to the young ladies her companions; and it was with difficulty ſhe could make any ſelection amongſt them for a confidant, they all ſo eagerly deſired and preſſed for her company. There is an unaccountable ambition in girls not yet arrived at womanhood, to be thought in the latter ſtate; and this they fancy they in ſome degree accompliſh by aſſociating with their elders, who have really entered into their teens. This, probably, was the principal reaſon why Amelia took ſuch particular pains to recommend herſelf to miſs Harriot Lawſon, who was the oldeſt of the boarders. This young lady was the only daughter of an officer of diſtinction, then in Flanders, who had greatly ſignalized himſelf by his courage and conduct. She was tall and genteel, and had ſuch a face as few men could look upon, without wiſhing to kiſs the moſt ſolicitous pair of pouting lips that ever concealed two rows of regular ivory: her eyes were blue and languiſhing, and *rouge* and *blanc* could add nothing to her complexion. Miſs Harriot was in her ſixteenth year, and nature had been early in teſtifying her power to captivate.

Amelia and Harriot ſoon became confidants: the former's ſecrets were at preſent but few; the latter had many things to reveal, which made Amelia begin to ſee the world, at leaſt the male part of it, through a different medium from what ſhe had hitherto viewed it. Harriot had already no leſs than three profeſſed lovers, each of whom ſeemed equally fond of her. She had for ſome time carried on a correſpondence with each of them by letter; but had ſeldom an opportunity of converſing

converſing perſonally with any but Mirabel, who was then a cornet of dragoons quartered in the town. He indeed appeared to have made the deepeſt impreſſion upon her heart, though the others might more have flattered her vanity, as the one was a baronet juſt come of age, with a very conſiderable eſtate, and the other preſumptive heir to a coronet.

Harriot's father, being one night in company with ſome brother officers, heard his daughter given as a toaſt by Mirabel, which ſo alarmed him, that he ſent for her the next day from ſchool, and kept her cloſely confined at home under the immediate eye of an old aunt, whoſe vigilance was ſurpaſſed by nothing but her father's apprehenſions.

Amelia, being thus deprived of the moſt agreeable of her companions, was neceſſarily compelled to form connections anew, and the next young lady that particularly engaged her attention was, miſs Maria Williams. This young lady's vivacity and ſprightlineſs were ſo great, that nothing hardly could keep them within bounds: and ſhe would, even at ſchool-hours, ſet a whole form in a titter, without the governeſs being able to diſcover the reaſon. This young lady was about fifteen, remarkably tall and forward of her age, had fine black hair, and expreſſive eyes of the ſame colour; an engaging look, with a charming complexion.

Amelia had not, however, long the pleaſure of enjoying this lady's converſation and company; when the death of her *real* father, which took place about this time, occaſioned her *nominal* one to recal her.

CHAP. III.

A ſhort reflection upon female chaſtity. An account of Amelia's lovers. A deſcription of Lothario, and his deluſive arts.

IF it be difficult for a man to triumph over his deſires, it is ſtill more ſo for a female when every thing prompts, every thing ſolicits, to purſue nature and pleaſure. Thoſe who have the courage to withſtand all the artillery of love for but a few months, ſhould not be conſidered as entirely deſtitute of virtue; for they have not only our efforts, but their own deſires to ſurmount: they deprive themſelves of a gratification, which their ſenſes ſo immediately point out to them, and the pleaſure of rendering a lover happy, who would adore them.

Amelia had, however, reſolved to follow her mother's advice: ſhe had reſolved to act with prudence, and let diſcretion be her guide; but when theſe reſolutions were taken ſhe had not foreſeen the many obſtacles ſhe had to ſurmount.

Let it not, however, be thought that Amelia did not come from ſchool as immaculate as ſhe went thither. Her head might be filled with ſtrange notions of love, and romances might have heightened the felicity of being admired; but ſhe had not deviated from the moſt rigid paths of chaſtity.

Amelia, now in her ſeventeenth year, returned to her father's houſe, was not without admirers; but the circle

circle of her preſent acquaintance was ſo little ſuited to her taſte, and ſo diſagreeable to her, that ſhe ſcarce ever gave attention to any thing her ſuitors ſaid; and ſhe had not yet received a letter from any of them that ſhe thought deſerving an anſwer. Rope-makers ſons, and ſhip-builders nephews, were, ſhe thought beings compoſed of different materials from herſelf: they neither ſpoke like her, thought like her, or felt like her; and the females were either ſuch hoydens, or ſuch prudes, that they were ever in extremes, in oppoſition to good manners and decorum.

Whilſt Amelia was thus peſtered with lovers ſo little qualified to make any impreſſion on her, an incident threw her in the way of a man

" Form'd with thoſe arts, which nature meant to
" pleaſe.

Lothario, the gay, the brilliant, the polite, the lettered Lothario, chanced to be at the launching of an Eaſt-Indiaman. Amelia and her father were alſo preſent; but the charms of the bottle little attracted Lothario, whilſt Amelia deigned to favour him with a ſmile. Mr. Gunnerſbury, deeply engaged in the cauſe of Bacchus, drinking libations to the ſucceſs of trade, gave them many opportunities of uninterrupted converſation.

Who knows Lothario, knows that the various incidents of life through which he has paſſed, the advantages of his education, and his natural parts, added to his preſent fortune, muſt have rendered him a moſt

powerful lover; ſuch a one as Amelia, with all her good ſenſe, was not able to withſtand.

This acquaintance, ſo agreeable to them both, was ſoon cemented with ſuch firmneſs, that it appeared almoſt impoſſible for any thing, on this ſide of mortality, to interrupt it. Lothario had as yet talked of nothing but the pureſt affection, the moſt unſullied love: his paſſion, he ſwore, was founded on thoſe accompliſhments centered in her; and that even age, and the loſs of her external charms, which poſſeſſion captivates every tranſient beholder, could only rivet his fetters ſtill ſtronger.

Fame, who had made his blood run from the ſtream of Eaſtern monarchs, had ſworn ſo little pride in his compoſition, that he had purſued the moſt menial vocations with that aſſiduity and induſtry, that we are taught are the characteriſtics of merit in every part acted upon the theatre of life.

Uututored in the wiles of love, could Amelia guard againſt the ſnares of ſuch auxiliary accompliſhments, when they were all united to undo her? Such batteries were not to be oppoſed with all the fortifications of reſolution, unleſs moſt vigilantly guarded by the firmeſt virtue. A cold phlegmatic conſtitution, callous to the fine ſallies of wit, and a ſtranger to the powerful charms of converſation, like a ſalamander may remain unſinged amidſt the moſt ardent ſurrounding flames; but a ſprightly genius, a fertile imagination, anticipating the rapid wings of ſocial intercourſe, joined to a warm complexion, and a heart that ſympathizes at every tender throb, cannot elude a congenial fire,

when

when fanned by the breath of tutored eloquence and aſſiduous love.

In ſuch a ſituation, muſt we not ſhudder for the fate of Amelia? Lothario, with every external accompliſhment that Rowe gave his hero to undo Caliſta, was endued with all the ſenſe and abilities of Horatio. Still Amelia remained inexorable: for ſix long months ſhe had eluded all his arts, all his magic. Surpriſed at her perſeverance, ſhe looked back with aſtoniſhment at the many dangers ſhe had paſſed; and ſhuddered to think of the impoſſibility of her being much longer endued with the ſame fortitude.

An artifice that he uſed, by giving out that he was upon the point of marrying another lady, drew from Amelia a letter, which was the fore-runner of her deſtruction.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Amelia's letter to Lothario, upon the report of his intended marriage with another lady.

AMELIA had retired for ſome days to a relation's a few miles from London to avoid Lothario's importunities, when ſhe heard that he was upon the point of marrying a lady of conſiderable fortune. She was not till now aware how great was the impreſſion he had made upon her heart, which, big with jealouſy and indignation, vented itſelf in the following unguarded epiſtle.

" I doubt not but your ſurprize will be as great up-
" on the receipt of this letter, as mine was upon hear-
" ing of your engagement with Miſs ———. You are
" too well acquainted with our ſex to be ignorant that
" cuſtom has introduced a maxim amongſt us to ſeem
" averſe to what we moſt ardently deſire, that we may
" not be deceived by a feigned paſſion, that your ſex
" know too well how to aſſume, or loſe your eſteem
" by too early an acknowledgment of our weakneſs, or
" our inclination. Why do you reduce us to theſe
" extremities by your diſſimulation? Our eyes, how-
" ever, thoſe faithful interpreters of our ſoul, do but
" too ſincerely inform you, what we ſay and what we
" think are very different things. You certainly have
" not given yourſelf the trouble to examine what I

" thought,

" thought, when I ſeemed to reject a heart that had
" early captivated mine. You would have found that
" your words had had all the effect you could hope,
" and, I fear, more than you deſired, upon my mind.
" My refuſal was ſo gentle, and I ſpoke in ſuch a man-
" ner, that it was very viſible I was not willing to be
" believed.

" I am now too ſenſible that our hearts were uncon-
" cerned, mine in refuſing, and yours in feigning a paſ-
" ſion which conſiſted of words only. If it had poſſeſ-
" ſed any place in your breaſt, you would have per-
" ſiſted in it; you would have flattered yourſelf, that
" if I fled from you, after the declaration you made me,
" it was but the effect of modeſty; you would have
" convinced me, by your perſeverance and aſſiduity,
" that you really loved me; and you would thereby
" have diſarmed me of that baſhfulneſs, and thoſe lit-
" tle artifices, with which you unjuſtly reproached us,
" ſince you force us to practiſe them. Your ſex have ſo
" little ſincerity, and ſo little generoſity, that we are
" compelled to act thus againſt our will; and cuſtom
" has ſo ſtrongly authorized it, that you would be diſ-
" guſted with thoſe who ſhould lay aſide this affecta-
" tion.

" Wherefore, then, did you believe me; or rather,
" why did I believe you? My heart, my ſympathizing
" heart, betrayed me. I thought a man ſo much ſupe-
" rior to the generality of his ſex, could have no de-
" fect, much leſs that of diſſimulation, which is the
" greateſt. I framed to myſelf an incomparable idea
" of your merit: your eyes often told me they loved

" me,

" me, and I believed them becauſe I wiſhed it. Thus,
" by degrees, did I ſwallow the ſlow poiſon, which
" now operates upon my vitals. Ah! why did you
" not examine mine with the ſame attention? I ſaid
" no, I allow; but I did it only to have the ſatisfacti-
" on of hearing you confirm your vows, and to have a
" more plauſible pretence to yield a heart already too
" much diſpoſed to ſurrender. But, alas! what was
" my ſurprize, when I had conquered all theſe ſcru-
" ples, which had hitherto prevented my acknowledg-
" ing the victory you had gained over me, I learnt you
" were upon the point of marrying the happy, far too
" happy miſs H——!

" I can't conceal from you my extreme anguiſh,
" though I fear it will make but little impreſſion on
" you. Judge, thou cruel man! judge of the violence
" of my paſſion by its effect. Nothing but abſolute
" deſpair could have driven me beyond the boundaries
" of modeſty, and compelled me to tell you, that my
" death is irreſiſtible if you purſue farther this fatal
" marriage. My rival has no greater right than myſelf
" to the happineſs you intend her. I loved you firſt—
" my birth, my beauty, my merit, added to the vio-
" lence of my paſſion, entitle me to a preference; and
" you cannot avoid doing me juſtice, without being
" guilty of the moſt crying ingratitude.

" I deſire not to incroach upon the rights of another;
" no, I would rather with my lateſt breath give her my
" ſuffrage: but if your engagement is not yet gone too
" far for you to recede with honor, remember that
" you beſtowed on me your heart, and I demand it as

" a prize

" a prize that is my due. I begin to rave—Adieu—
" Let me know the ſentence you pronounce. Uncer-
" tainty is diſtracting, inſupportable is my ſituation.
" Treat me with ſincerity, and fear not my reſent-
" ment. If you are married, or the treaty is carried
" ſo far that you cannot retract, I ſubmit to my cruel
" fate. Then will I ſequeſter myſelf for ever from the
" world, and leave my rival peaceably to enjoy the fe-
" licity of your embraces.

" Once more, adieu.

" AMELIA GUNNERSBURY."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Lothario's declaration of the violence of his paſſion, which continues in its full extent. His propoſals. Avails himſelf of Amelia's misfortunes. His perfidy.

THE receipt of this letter gave Lothario the moſt certain aſſurances of his ſucceſs: he ſaw in every line her doating heart breathe its fond emotions; he ſaw that ſhe was deſperately in love, and entirely at his devotion. With theſe credentials then, he judged it impoſſible for him to fail in the execution of his embaſſy at the court of love.

He waited upon her that very day, when throwing himſelf at her feet, he declared, devouring her hand with kiſſes, "that nothing but deſpair had driven him from her in purſuit of another; but that ſince ſhe had frankly confeſſed her mutual affection, not all the women on earth ſhould ever again attract a ſingle thought from him, all his felicity being centered in making her completely happy."

He uttered this declaration with ſuch an air of ſincerity, that the fond, the too credulous Amelia, was ready to yield herſelf entirely to his devotion. A relation fortunately at this time entered the room, and prevented a converſation that would in all probability have terminated in fruition.

After he retired, ſhe thanked her ſtars for the interruption her couſin had given to their *tête-à-tête*; and finding from his diſcourſe that he did not ſeem to think

of

of her, as if he deſigned her for a wife, ſhe reſolved the next opportunity to bring him to an eclairciſſement upon this ſubject.

When a woman is abſolutely pre-poſſeſſed in favour of a man, her conduct frequently contradicts her ſentiments: ſhe perceives when abſent, that his behaviour does not lay claim to honourable terms, and yet her pride alternately prompts her to inſiſt upon them. This was preciſely the ſituation of Amelia. She had flown from Lothario into the country to avoid his importunities, not his honourable importunities, for he had never yet ſaid he would marry her: ſhe hears he is upon the point of wedding another, which ſo alarms her, that ſhe throws off all diſguiſe, and frankly owns that ſhe is entirely at his devotion; yet ſhe does not inſiſt upon marriage: the moſt diſtant hint of it in her letter is equivocal; nevertheleſs, ſhe reſolves upon an eclairciſſement, that he may make her ſuch propoſals.

Every woman that was ever fond of a man in ſuch a ſituation, will, by taking a retroſpect of her own behaviour, find Amelia's conduct entirely natural, and that theſe various emotions were neceſſarily produced by each other.

This deſign of Amelia's was, however, ſoon laid aſide by that moſt cogent of all reaſons, *neceſſity*. A diſagreeable change in the affairs of her father induced her to accept of a propoſal, which probably ſhe would otherwiſe never have conſented to.

Lothario having heard of Captain Gunnerſbury's misfortune, availed himſelf of this favourable opportunity, to adviſe her to conſider of her perſonal ſafety, and

and at the ſame time offered her two hundred pounds a year. This ſhe, however, rejected, till he added to it a bond for three thouſand pounds, payable to her upon his marriage with any other woman.

This agreement having taken place, ſhe went and reſided with Lothario at Richmond during the autumn. Her elegance, ſenſe, and politeneſs, made every one believe ſhe was really the wife of Lothario; nor did he, ſo much was he enamoured with her, take any pains to diſabuſe thoſe who were of this opinion.

But this union did not continue any great length of time: three months were the full extent of her felicity; for Lothario, having left her at Richmond, ſet off for Paris, from whence ſhe received this laconic, cold epiſtle.

Paris.

"MADAM,

"My precipitate voyage here was occaſioned by "ſome particular buſineſs. I have paid the rent of the "houſe up to the next quarter, when I would have "you return to your father, who will certainly put "you in a way of doing better.

"LOTHARIO."

Perfidious wretch! ſhe cried, upon the peruſal of this billet; is this the regard, the affection, the love, the idolatry you profeſſed for me?—but I deſerve it all: why do I upbraid man, whoſe province it is to deſtroy? Woman, fooliſh, credulous woman, blame thyſelf

thyſelf for fancying thou wert poſſeſſed of thoſe charms that could always captivate.

Upon this cruel ſtroke of fortune ſhe fell into a deep melancholy, from which ſhe would in all likelihood never have recovered, if Mrs. Lovell had not opportunely called upon her. She unboſomed all her anxiety to her, and in proportion as ſhe ſhared her grief, Amelia recovered her tranquility. She was prevailed upon to take a journey to —— in Surry. In return for this confidence, Mrs. Lovell made her acquainted with her adventures, which as they have ſomething in them very ſingular, though incontrovertibly true, the reader may not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed to meet with in this place.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The HISTORY of LOVELL and MARIANNE.

An account of Sir James Brown and his daughter. His intended match for her fruſtrated by her elopement with Lovell. Their arrival in town, and acquaintance with Beaumont. An alarming circumſtance which greatly affects Marianne.

IN the remoteſt part of the county of Surry, dwelt Sir James Brown: his father and himſelf had ſerved in ſixteen parliaments; but as he had never yet touched a ſixpenny piece for the ſervices his father and himſelf had done the ſtate, and a general election approaching which was likely to put him to ſome expence, he procured the curate of his pariſh to write him a genteel advertiſement, and took leave of his conſtituents.

At this time his only daughter, Marianne, returned from ſchool, where ſhe had made an acquaintance with Amelia, and had now attained her ſeventeenth year; when nature had been ſo bountiful to her, as to indicate throughout her form the full grown woman. This, Sir James had for ſome time perceived, and as a prudent man, who had the reputation of his family at heart, was earneſtly looking out for a huſband for his daughter. In the purſuit of this object he had principally two things in view; the firſt was, a perſon that would not diſgrace his family, and the ſecond a match that would not require a great fortune for his

his daughter. Five hundred pounds that his election would have coſt him, and which by declining to repreſent the county, he now ſaved, with his late wife's jewels, were to conſtitute all Marianne's portion.

A neighbouring gentleman's ſon, whoſe anceſtry was indiſputable, and whoſe fortune did not entitle him to ſo good a match as Marianne, was conſidered by Sir James as a proper mate for his daughter. Mr. Wilſon was twenty-five; he was ſtraight, well limbed, and athletic; theſe were recommendations in the opinion of the baronet, that he thought would not be counterbalanced by a vacant countenance, and a ſtill more vacant head: but Marianne had ever conſidered him with contempt, whilſt young Lovell had always caught her eye at church, and often her hand at the aſſembly. Lovell had been brought up in London, had read moſt modern books of gallantry, was a lieutenant in the militia, and of courſe a pretty gentleman.

Sir James in due time broke his mind to Marianne upon her intended huſband; when ſhe expreſſed her diſlike in ſuch terms as made him lay his peremptory commands upon her, never to think of another man, adding, "that if ſhe did not conſent in a month, he would turn her out of doors."

Such tyranny made her divulge a paſſion for Lovell, which till now ſhe had carefully concealed. The embarraſſment ſhe was in, and the menaces ſhe had received, diſordered her ſo much that ſhe forgot the delicacy of her ſex ſo far as to begin a correſpondence with the male part of the creation upon the moſt delicate of all topics. The letter ſhe wrote to Lovell was as follows:

"SIR,

" SIR,

" The declarations of regard which you have ſo fre-
" quently expreſſed for me, have induced me to be-
" lieve you are ſincere, and the critical ſituation I am
" now in has emboldened me to claim your protection.
" I muſt either marry that wretch Wilſon, or be
" turned out of doors; I aſk your advice which al-
" ternative I am to embrace? Your anſwer to this
" will greatly oblige,

" your very humble ſervant,

" MARIANNE."

P. S. My ſpirits are ſo flurried, I hope you'll excuſe the ſcrawl.

Lovell no ſooner received this explicit billet, which he almoſt devoured with kiſſes, than he thought himſelf the moſt happy man breathing. So far from being angry with his rival, he rejoiced to think he had one in the perſon of Wilſon, who was capable of making his miſtreſs go ſuch lengths to avoid him. Theſe reflections were, however, ſoon ſucceeded by the conſideration of an anſwer to ſo frank a propoſal.

" My adorable Marianne,

" I know not whether I have more reaſon to blame
" Fortune for thus perplexing you, or thank her for
" having thereby brought you to acknowledge you
" think me worthy of your friendſhip. Can I, my
" angel, flatter myſelf that your heart is mine? Why
" ſhould I doubt it? You claim my protection, you
" claim my eſteem, my love, my admiration. Fly
" from that contemptible ideot, let us haſten to be

" happy;

" happy; for, believe me, my ſoul is centered in " yourſelf, and I have nothing more to give you than " the name of

" LOVELL."

They met the next evening, when he propoſed their ſetting off immediately for London; but there was one great obſtacle to prevent this—money. However, as Lovell's father was receiver of the land-tax, and had then near a thouſand pounds in his hands, he conſidered it as no crime to make free with it in the execution of a laudable plan. Marianne was in the poſſeſſion of her late mother's jewels, and ſhe was reſolved not to leave them behind her.

It were perhaps needleſs to ſay, that they travelled in the characters of man and wife; ſituations that neither of them ſeemed diſpleaſed with, and which both were, in good faith, willing to realize as ſoon as poſſible.

Upon their arrival in London, they took lodgings in Broad-Court, Bow-ſtreet, but failed not changing their names, as they were apprehenſive that the ſtricteſt enquiry would be made after them. They remained here, however, for upwards of a month, and paſſed their time in that mutual felicity, which two hearts when ſincerely blended are ſure to confer. Marianne had ſo complete a confidence in Lovell, that ſhe had never till now thought of reminding him of his promiſe, of making her really Mrs. Lovell upon their arrival in London. However, upon the moſt diſtant hint ſhe gave of it, he fixed the day, and ſaid he would immediately make the neceſſary preparations.

There

There lodged in the ſame houſe a young fellow of genteel appearance, whoſe vivacity and good humour had, for ſome time, recommended him to Lovell and his miſtreſs, and was now almoſt their conſtant gueſt. He had ſo far ingratiated himſelf with them, that they made no ceremony of communicating to him their greateſt ſecrets; and he appeared to act with ſo much friendſhip and caution, as ſeemed to promiſe the greateſt ſervice to them. He was made acquainted with their intended marriage, at which he was deſired to aſſiſt; and Lovell requeſted his company that afternoon, in the errand he was going upon.

Beaumont, for this was the name of the gueſt, appeared very happy at his friend's approaching nuptials, and attended Lovell with peculiar complacency.

They had not been gone much above an hour before Marianne received the following ſhort, but alarming card:

"Dear Madam,

"Fly from your lodgings upon the receipt of this "letter, and meet me in Gray's-inn Gardens as ſoon as "poſſible; a moment's delay may be of the moſt "dreadful conſequence,

"Yours, moſt ſincerely,

"BEAUMONT."

The ſurprize into which this billet threw Marianne is ſcarce to be imagined, and ſhe no ſooner recovered herſelf in ſome degree, than having enquired her way of her landlady, ſhe repaired to meet Beaumont. He was there waiting ſeemingly with great impatience, and

and having accoſted her, ſaid, that as Lovell and he were going through Lincoln's-inn Field's, a conſtable and attendants had ſeized him, and that there was a perſon with them whom he took to be Lovell's father; as he ſaid, "I did not think you would ſerve me ſo, you have brought all this upon yourſelf." This relation was ſufficient to diſplay all Marianne's misfortunes; and amongſt the number of theſe ſhe conſidered the leaving behind her at the lodgings her jewels: however, upon Beaumont's promiſing to repair thither immediately, and take care of them, with whatever elſe that was there belonging to her, ſhe was in ſome degree conſoled upon this head.

In ſuch a ſituation, Marianne knew not what courſe to take; at London without friends or acquaintance, no money, and perſpective miſery before her. Not daring to write to her friends, ſhe begged Beaumont to adviſe her what was beſt to do. He ſeemed greatly affected at her misfortunes, and worthy of the confidence ſhe repoſed in him. A lodging was abſolutely neceſſary, and he therefore very courteouſly conducted her to one of his friend's miſtreſſes, who paſſed for his wife. He introduced her as a relation, and ſhe met with a very polite reception.

After tea, Beaumont took his leave, when ſhe intreated him to return again that evening, and let her know all he could learn about Lovell; and ſhe alſo reminded him not to forget the jewels and other things left at the lodgings.

Beaumont did not however return till the next day, when he informed her, that almoſt immediately after ſhe had departed from the lodging, the conſtables

came with a ſearch-warrant, accompanied by Sir James and old Mr. Lovell, when having acquitted what rent was due, they took poſſeſſion of all that Lovell and Marianne had left there, and that Lovell was ſent to Newgate. He added, that it was the greateſt torture to him to be compelled to bring her ſuch dreadful news, and therefore did not return the night before: that he had been ruminating all night whether he ſhould impart it to her; but that he thought it would be cruel to cheriſh hopes that would but prolong her miſery.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Her grief ſubſides. Her coquettiſh conduct. Makes a very unexpected diſcovery. Its effect. A new and flattering perſpective opened to her view. Her intended journey. Is harangued by a philoſopher and her landlady upon the ſtep ſhe is going to take. Beaumont's meaſures taken in conſequence.

MARIANNE continued for ſeveral days almoſt diſtracted, during which time Beaumont ſeemed to exert all his friendly abilities to comfort her. When he had in ſome meaſure gained her attention, by diſſuading her from ſacrificing her youth and beauty to deſpair, he endeavoured to convince her, that every thing conſidered, ſhe had a very lucky eſcape; and as to her lover, as his own indiſcretion had thrown him into the clutches of juſtice, it would be but prudent in her to give up all thoughts of him. In ſaying this, he alſo threw out that Marianne's wit and beauty entitled her to a much better match than any thing Lovell could poſſibly be to her, ſuppoſing the preſent accident had not happened; but as it was, if he even ſurmounted it, there would remain ſuch a ſlur upon him, as to prevent any man of probity aſſociating with him; and to be tied to a ſcandalous beggar was certainly the worſt lot that could befal a handſome woman.

In fine, time, which blunts the keeneſt anguiſh, made Marianne's grief ſubſide; nor was diſſipation backward in promoting her cure; ſo that in a month's time ſhe had almoſt forgot there had ever been ſuch a man as Lovell.

It muſt be acknowledged that this part of her conduct throws ſome imputations upon her character that borders upon infidelity; but we pretend not to ſay that Marianne was entirely diveſted of the weakneſſes of her ſex, their natural propenſity to pleaſure, gaiety, pomp, and flattery. Theſe Beaumont conſtantly called to his aid; the perſpective of her future days he depicted in ſuch brilliant colours, that a greater adept in life than Marianne might have been ſeduced by ſuch imagery, and ſuch an engaging method of diſplaying it.

Beaumont, perceiving the progreſs he had made in her affections, did not come to a declaration of his paſſion till he was convinced of the intereſt he had in her heart; and ſhe at length repaid all his aſſiduities with the moſt certain teſtimony of her regard.

They had lived together ſome weeks upon the moſt intimate footing before Marianne diſcovered who and what Beaumont really was. She went to the play with her female friend, and was not a little ſurpriſed to ſee her inamorato perform a low character in the farce.

She was extremely diſordered at this diſcovery, and did not know how to behave upon her return home. Her heart was too full for Beaumont to avoid perceiving that ſomething greatly oppreſſed her: at length finding ſhe had been at the play, he in part gueſſed at the cauſe of her anguiſh; when he rallied her upon not knowing he was a comedian, and ſet forth the life of an actor in ſo pleaſing a manner, that her grief ſoon ſubſided; and from this moment ſhe began herſelf to have a *penchant* for the ſtage.

Finding ſuch mutual diſpoſition in her for a theatrical life, he cheriſhed it with all the artifice he was maſter

maſter of, complimenting her upon her voice, the expreſſion of her countenance, her geſticulation, and, in a word, found in her all the requiſites of a complete actreſs. In this preſumption ſhe learned ſeveral ſpeeches, as well in tragedy as comedy; and ſhe never ſpoke the part of Monimia in the Orphan, but he pronounced her a ſecond Cibber.

When ſhe was thus far initiated, it was near the end of the London ſeaſon; but he told her he ſhould ſhortly ſet out for Liverpool, and that if ſhe would partake of his fortune, he would ſhare her's. "You do not know," continued he, "all the advantages of a theatrical life; the paths are all ſtrewed with flowers; it is a continual ſucceſſion of pleaſures; the different counties one travels through, afford a variety of adventures upon the road, whilſt we are ever free, ever unconſtrained; and then upon your return to the capital, where your fame, no doubt, will long have reached, the rival managers will each exert their utmoſt endeavours to get you, and you may command your own terms. This done, your fortune's made. No woman ever arrived at any pitch upon the ſtage, but the men were all mad after her; and if you ſhould think a handſome ſettlement, with a good round ſum down, unworthy your acceptance, you may ſtrike up a match with a nobleman, and be a lady for the reſt of your days."

Their departure for Liverpool was fixed upon, and all the neceſſary preparations were made. The Sunday before they ſet out, a gentleman who lodged in the ſame houſe with them, and whom Beaumont ſtiled a methodiſt-preacher, was introduced by their

landlady. His perſon was far from diſagreeable; and though he had paſſed the meridian of life, there ſtill remained ſo much good-nature and affability in his countenance, and ſuch eaſe in his deportment, that ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to liſten to him. "My dear madam, ſaid he, I underſtand that you are upon the point of taking up a vocation with which, perhaps, you are not at preſent thoroughly acquainted: you will excuſe my impertinence, if you ſhould ſo ſtyle it, of giving you my advice in ſo critical an affair: but I was at firſt ſight ſtruck with your appearance, and was very ſorry to hear of your connexion.—But to wave any perſonal reflections, let us conſider a little the ſtep you are going to take: it is true that the perſpective is moſt delightfully pleaſant, and very liable to ſeduce a young woman too much prone to pleaſure; but believe me the trunk will not correſpond with the rind: to be ingenuous, in the early part of my life, I was ſeduced by this falſe glare, and for ſome time belonged to the ſtage; but I was ſoon convinced of the impoſition of thoſe who miſled me. A play-houſe may moſt frequently be conſidered as a univerſal ſeraglio, or reſervoir of luſt for the whole town: it is therefore wonderful, that actors and actreſſes ſhould be ſo generally deſpiſed? Their very name is become an opprobrium, which the meaneſt citizen throws in their teeth. It is true that the great ſmile upon, and even countenance them; but this is only becauſe they are the inſtruments of their mirth and raillery. When I hear of an actor's being admitted to a great man's table, methinks I hear him at the ſame time ſay, *make me laugh:* this is their only paſſport. As to themſelves, neither the

the ties of confidence or common charity unite them; and miſery ſeems ſo immediately the offſpring of their profeſſion, that I have known a whole company of ſtrollers have but a ſhirt and a half among them. It is pleaſant to hear a queen or empreſs ranting out her ambition, and enumerating her forces, when her whole Exchequer does not, perhaps, amount to ſixpence."

At any other time Marianne would have diſcerned the force of this reaſoning; but ſhe was at preſent ſo bent upon being a princeſs, at leaſt, that ſhe conſidered every one as an uſurper who wanted to dethrone her. Her landlady finding that the philoſopher's rhetoric had no weight with her, entered her caveat: "Liſten to me, my dear, and do not let that libertine ruin you ——I could tell you ſuch ſtories of him as would make your hair ſtand an end; you will know his character too ſoon, I am afraid, without my giving it to you: but to the point; you may make your fortune if you will. A banker in Lombard-ſtreet ſaw you laſt week at the play, he was enamoured with you, and took great pains to find you out, which he at length did, and has commiſſioned me to make you a propoſal of three hundred pounds a year, and an equipage. If you let ſlip this opportunity, perhaps you may never have ſuch another: we are not always young and handſome. Which is the beſt, to live eaſy and happy in the midſt of plenty, beloved by an agreeable generous man, whoſe whole fortune, as well as perſon, will, probably, be at your command; or to run ſtrolling about the country, and be at the mercy of a profligate player?"

What a worthy woman! ſaid Marianne to herſelf, ironically. Her diſcourſe had, however, a much greater

effect than the philoſopher's: the hoſteſs had, indeed, found out her weak ſide. We have not endeavoured to diſpute her vanity, and an equipage had its charms.

'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix,

was a favourite maxim of Marianne's; and ſhe was revolving in her mind, whether ſhe ſhould accept the propoſal, when Beaumont appeared; and all powerful love prevailed. She acquainted him with what had paſſed during his abſence; he ridiculed the methodiſt-preacher's diſcourſe, ſaying he wondered he had not told her that ſhe was already damned for keeping company with an actor; but that he would abſolve her by ſhewing her the direct road to heaven: as to the land-lady's diſcourſe, it was a very ſerious affair, he damned her for a procuring b—h, and ſent off Marianne's cloaths that very night to the inn.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Concluſion of the hiſtory of Lovell and Marianne. Her connections with Johnſon. Meets unexpectedly with Lovell. A diſcovery of Beaumont's treachery; his reward. A general reconciliation between Lovell and Marianne's friends; and they live happy.

THEIR journey to Liverpool afforded neither matter of ſpeculation or amuſement, as they travelled poſt to get there at the opening of the theatre. Marianne's firſt appearance in Deſdemona obtained her ſo much applauſe, and particularly from the perſon that performed Othello, who was younger and handſomer than Beaumont when his face was waſhed, that the latter became quite jealous of his miſtreſs: he upbraided her with ingratitude, and even infidelity: ſhe anſwered in a dramatic rant, which brought on a quarrel, and ſoon after a ſeparation.

Othello was no ſooner acquainted with this ſeparation, than he paid his addreſſes to Deſdemona in form; and being a much more promiſing actor than Beaumont, ſhe thought prudence as well as affection pleaded for her Mooriſh lover.

This connection brought on ſuch a miſunderſtanding, that nothing but confuſion, pique, and reſentment actuated each of the performers; ſo that their pieces were all murdered, and their audiences diſguſted. Finding things take this diſagreeable turn, Johnſon, Marianne's new lover, propoſed decamping, as in

all likelihood it would be a loſing ſeaſon. This advice ſhe followed, and they ſet off for Lancaſter, taking French leave of the reſt of the company. Upon their arrival in that city, there was not a vacant throne, nor an unoccupied turban; ſo that they returned to the capital, waiting for the opening of the houſes, in expectation of being engaged.

This was Johnſon's firſt campaign, and his figure was agreeable, his voice harmonious, and all his competitors at Liverpool had at length been obliged to give him up the firſt-rate parts, Marianne did not doubt but that he would get a good ſalary at Covent-garden or Drury-lane, and therefore ſhe judged it prudent to enter into a ſtill cloſer contract with him. A farther incentive to this conduct was the death of the banker, whom ſhe imagined, upon hearing ſhe had quitted Beaumont, would readily renew his propoſals.

The preamble and terms of the agreement between Marianne and Johnſon, ran nearly as follows:

1. It being neceſſary that an actreſs ſhould have a huſband, or at leaſt an equivalent, to attend to her intereſt, and ſhelter her from all inſult, it is agreed,

2. That the ſaid huſband, or his repreſentative, ſhall be either jealous or agreeable, according as circumſtances require, and their common intereſt dictates.

3. That, with reſpect to any of her *perſonal* gains, he ſhall lay claim to only one third, as he riſks no part of the ſtock.

4. That, whilſt ſhe, the contracting party, ſhall be occupied at home for their common intereſt, he ſhall exert himſelf abroad in advancing their eminence in their common profeſſion.

Theſe

Theſe conditions were, however, only ſealed with the ſtamp of love; ſo that they could be conſidered as forming no very binding agreement.

The month of September now approached, and all the neceſſary preparations were making for the enſuing ſeaſon at both houſes; ſhe had nevertheleſs been ſtill unable to obtain an audience of either of the managers. Whilſt Marianne was one morning knocking at a certain door in Southampton-ſtreet, ſhe eſpied a head out of a hackney-coach, and the voice that iſſued fixed her attention. Good heavens; is it poſſible! can it be my dear Lovell! 'tis he and no other! She had ſcarce uttered theſe words, before ſhe fell into a ſwoon, and upon coming to herſelf, ſhe found Lovell ſitting by her in a coach, in which he placed her, to reſcue her from the mob.

A ſcene enſued that words are too faint to expreſs: a thouſand interrogations, of almoſt as many ſyllables, took place, without any reply. At length however, Marianne having informed him of the motives for leaving their lodging, and flying to the aſylum which Beaumont prepared for her; he, in turn, acquainted her, that this falſe friend came to him with the pretended news, that Marianne's father had come and ſeized her at her lodging, and that proper officers were in ſearch of him, with warrants. Thus thinking her irrecoverably loſt, and that it would be imprudent in him to remain longer in a country where he was purſued for a robbery, he immediately ſet out for Harwich, and embarked for Holland, where he remained ſome time; and from thence repaired to Spa, when finding his

finances

finances diminiſh, and thinking his caſe deſperate, he reſolved to venture a hundred pounds at pharaoh: that he had been ſo ſucceſsful as to win eight thouſand pounds, and then reſolved to play no more. "I now (continued he) wrote a very reſpectful letter to my father, acknowledging my fault, and at the ſame time remitting to him the ſum I had taken the night we had ſet off for London; to which I received an anſwer in a few poſts, with a promiſe of being completely forgiven, if I could reſtore you to your father ſpotleſs, or would marry you, to ſave your reputation, before our return."

From the time of his arrival in England, which was about two weeks, he had been in inceſſant purſuit of her, without the leaſt hopes of diſcovering her, till that accident threw her in his way. Lovell was very willing to forgive his miſtreſs, conſidering the impoſition that had been put upon her by Beaumont; but he ſwore he would not leave London till he was revenged of him.

Marianne would fain have diſſuaded him from this deſign; and he ſeemed to agree with her in its impropriety; but that very night he went to a certain public houſe frequented by the actors, near Covent-garden, where, meeting with Beaumont, he informed his companions what an infamous wretch they were aſſociated with, and then very coolly and philoſophically broke an oaken ſtick over his back, which he, *Bobadil* like, never reſented, ſaying, he was certainly faſcinated, or elſe he ſhould have put him to death.

Lovell

Lovell having taken this laudable revenge, ſet out fully contented for ——— in Surry, where they now live happy, ſhe having, upon the reconciliation that took place between the two families, been re-admitted to her father's good graces, who ſoon after bequeathed her at his death a very ample fortune. She is now the mother of ſeveral fine children, and Lovell has never once upbraided her with her conduct during his abſence, though he has ſince been fully made acquainted with it; and indeed it is generally believed that they might with great juſtice lay claim to the Dunmow flitch.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Amelia in high life. The treachery of Lothario carried ſtill farther. The melancholy overthrow of a chevalier D' Induſtrie, in the character of Will Finedraw, lover, dealer in hearts, and chapman.

AMELIA now launched out into all the faſhionable and refined amuſements, kept the beſt company, and was conſidered even by her own ſex as a nonpareil if not a phœnix. Some of the moſt remarkable perſonages ſhe now aſſociated with we ſhall preſently introduce, having brought her back ſafe from ——— in Surry, and depoſited her near Pall-Mall.

This was her firſt appearance in the gay circle of St. James's, where ſhe blazed a meteor. No one knew who ſhe was, but various were the conjectures that took place upon her account. Scandal itſelf was exhauſted to trace her lineage, in the *faux pas* of nobility; journeys to Bath in the characters of milk maids; concealed nurſed children, &c. &c. &c. Nor was this ſurpriſing, conſidering what a recluſe life ſhe had hitherto led, and how ſeldom ſuch uncommon phœnomenæ burſt at once upon the polite world, adorned with beauty, wit, and elegance. Amelia was ſoon diſtinguiſhed from the common herd of coquettes, who have little elſe to recommend their converſation but common-place chat or the ſmall talk of the day. She had by reading made herſelf acquainted with hiſtory, geopraphy, aſtronomy, the belles lettres; had a taſte for

for poetry, with a fine voice, a moſt delicate finger for the harpſichord, and ſpoke Italian and French with as much fluency as ſhe did Engliſh. The foreign miniſters, in particular, were charmed to find centered in one female the vivacity of a French woman, with all the ſolidity of an Engliſh philoſopher; one who could converſe with them in thoſe languages that were moſt familiar, and upon thoſe ſubjects that were moſt agreeable to them.

Lady —— ſoon diſtinguiſhed her, and they became inſeparable companions. She was now introduced to the ladies of the firſt faſhion in England, and each was emulous of having her always with them. No party was made without Miſs Gunnerſbury being on the liſt; no rout took place without Amelia being at the firſt quadrille-table. In a word, though no body knew who ſhe was, every body was emulous of ſhewing her the greateſt reſpect.

She not only conſtantly attended c—t, but was abſolutely a candidate for the poſt of m—d of honour to the p———ſs ———. Though it is not certainly known how ſhe came to be rejected, it is generally believed, that her inconſtant lover Lothario, hearing of the attention and regard that was paid to her by the nobility, and the honour ſhe was upon the point of obtaining, obliquely interfered to blacken her reputation, by diſperſing copies of the unguarded letter ſhe had wrote to him.

If Amelia was not ſucceſsful in obtaining a place at court, let it not be imagined ſhe was equally unfortunate with reſpect to lovers. No, ſhe was peſtered with

with them: from the German count, down to the chevalier D'Induſtrie, who, moth-like, lived upon his wardrobe.

Among the latter of theſe was William Finedraw, Eſq; who being born a beggar, thought he had a right to be a gentleman, and as ſuch imagined himſelf entitled to the fortune of ſome female, who was ſimple enough to fancy his ſweet perſon a proper equivalent.

Will had dangled with Amelia at Ranelagh, and had even gone ſo far as to treat at Vauxhall; but theſe excurſions were not at all agreeable to the conſtitution of his pocket; and he therefore found himſelf in a very ſhort time a bankrupt in the commerce of love.

Miſs Gunnerſbury handed about an anecdote concerning this gentleman, which will ſerve to illuſtrate the dangers of even a ſucceſsful paſſion, foppery, and ambition. We have already premiſed that Will was a chevalier D'Induſtrie without ſixpence; he nevertheleſs kept a footman, always waited upon Miſs Gunnerſbury in a ſedan, in expectation of ſoon conferring upon her the name of Finedraw, and enjoying her large *imaginary* fortune. But mark the ſequel. Will Finedraw had now reduced his wardrobe to his laſt coat, and this laſt coat was unfortunately the worſt of his whole collection; the reaſon he gave it the preference in ſelection is obvious—It would not raiſe ſo much caſh as any of the others; but tho' this was incontrovertible logic with himſelf, he was fearful that the world might view the affair in a different light. However, he gave it a thorough bruſhing, and ſallied forth to pay his devoirs to Miſs Gunnerſbury. She received him with

with her uſual politeneſs, whilſt ſhe was ſtill at her toilet; when at length, turning her eyes from her pretty face, which by this time had attained its *ne plus ultra* of perfection, to Will, ſhe ſtarted with ſurprize, expreſſing her amazement with —— "Good heavens! what a fright you have made of yourſelf to-day—— in the name of wonder where did you hire that coat—— what an antediluvian ſleeve—it certainly was made before the revolution—or at leaſt in the reign of queen Anne——why, you look for all the world like a German barber—for heaven's ſake, never put it on again —I vow I'll never ſpeak to you if I ever ſet eyes upon that coat again—I inſiſt upon your giving it your man this very night."

Theſe were ſo many darts, arrows, daggers, not only to the coat but to the heart of poor Will Finedraw —all apology would have been fruitleſs—her commands were arbitrary, and admitted of no mitigation ——The coat was to be worn no more, that was certain; but the uncertainty conſiſted in getting another to appear in.

O! ſympathetic reader, if thou ever waſt in ſuch a ſituation, appeal to thy feelings, to fancy thoſe of the unfortunate Will Finedraw! At the very eve of marriage, after having triumphed over all his rivals, and ſecured the heart of his amiable miſtreſs, to be thus driven into the main ocean of perplexities, for want of a coat, ——was inſupportable!

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The muſter-roll of Amelia's lovers. Her expectations and claim to the title of counteſs. Extract of her letter to lord C——d, containing the private hiſtory of count B——.

IT is not to be ſuppoſed that Mr. Finedraw made a very early appearance again at Miſs Gunnerſbury's: we muſt therefore leave him to his melancholy reflections, and conſider the muſter-roll of Amelia's other admirers, which ſtood thus:

Count B———, rich but ugly.
Count ———, poor and impotent.
The marquis of——, an adventurer.
Baron de ———, a gameſter.
Lord ———, a ſportſman.
Captain L———, worn out in the ſervice.
Doctor ———, a pedant.
The reverend Mr. ——— upon the point of turning methodiſt for the benefit of his own pocket, and the advantage of his pariſhioners ſouls.
Counſellor ———, out of practice.

As count B——— ſtood foremoſt upon this liſt, ſo he did in her eſteem; and Amelia was not without hopes of ſoon becoming a counteſs, with as little hereditary right to a title as himſelf. To illuſtrate this we ſhall give his hiſtory as we found it in Miſs Gunnerſbury's

ſbury's hand-writing, in a letter to lord C————d, with whom ſhe at this time kept up a regular correſpondance; for though he was not upon the file of her lovers, yet he was her conſtant admirer.

The celebrated count B————, who makes ſo brilliant a figure in one of the moſt conſiderable monarchies of Europe, *was originally* the ſon of a goldſmith, who deſtined him for an attorney. He had acquired all the inſtruction neceſſary for the profeſſion, when reſiding in a ſmall city becoming irkſome to him, and an opportunity occurring, he offered his ſervices to the baron de Grotz, who had been compelled to ſtop there ſome days by the death of his ſecretary, whom he loſt in returning from Holland to the court of Sweden. Young B——— preſented himſelf with ſo good a grace as to recommend his perſon and talents. He followed the baron to Stockholm, when the knowledge he had of various languages, and the facility with which he read and copied all ſorts of hands, rendered him as uſeful as the baron could poſſibly expect. Being accuſtomed from his infancy to handle old deeds, either parchment or vellum, he had contracted a habit when writing to hold ſome of them in his mouth, and however diſagreeable the taſte may be ſuppoſed he had inſenſibly brought himſelf to conſider it pleaſant, which we may ſuppoſe the caſe with thoſe who accuſtom themſelves to chew tobacco. This inclination becoming a paſſion, he was never without ſome ſcraps of old vellum in his mouth, and as he was by his vocation inceſſantly ſurrounded with papers, he eaſily found means of gratifying this inclination. Being one day detained

tained alone in the cabinet of baron de Grotz about ſome important diſpatches, his appetite this way made him deſcry a piece of dirty vellum upon the corner of a table; and without farther conſideration, he took it in his teeth, having, however, only the deſire to chew it, and thereby, as it were, extract the perfume: but his attention being completely occupied by his writing, the reliſh of the vellum made him forget what he ſhould carefully have avoided; ſo that it was not till after the expiration of three or four hours application of his teeth, that recollecting himſelf, he perceived, that he had not only the ſame vellum in his mouth, but that having chewed it ſo long with ſuch little care as well as reflection, it was entirely disfigured, and its original form was no longer to be diſcovered. This ſurprize was ſtill more increaſed, when haſtening to open it, and diſcover the contents, he found by ſome ſmall traces of the writing, that it was a piece of the utmoſt importance, relative to a miſunderſtanding that had been carried to a great length between the king of Sweden and the czar Peter, concerning Livonia. He immediately concluded that he was ruined without any poſſible redemption: his mind was ſo agitated that he was incapable to make any plauſible apology. Nothing but deſpair preſented itſelf to him on every ſide, when the baron de Grotz ſuddenly coming into his cabinet, found him with this fatal piece in his hands, and diſcovered in his eyes and phyſiognomy the moſt extraordinary embarraſſment. Curioſity alone would have been ſufficient to induce him to fathom the myſtery: but what was his emotion when having caſt his eyes upon the

piece,

piece, he diſcovered by ſeveral veſtiges, that it was the moſt precious and important writing he was poſſeſſed of! The firſt violence of his paſſion not allowing him to examine into, or hear any thing, he had no doubt but his ſecretary had betrayed him, and that he had let himſelf be corrupted by the Ruſſian miniſter; and in this opinion B——— was immediately conducted to priſon, after receiving the moſt opprobrious reproaches and upbraidings from his maſter.

Though upon mature reflection B——— could not diſcover in his misfortune any thing that was really culpable, appearances againſt him being of ſuch a nature as not to be removed, he concluded that his deſtruction was inevitable. He already began to think more of preparing for death than his juſtification. However, as an acknowledgment of the circumſtances of his fault could no ways be prejudicial to him, he was reſolved to relate them ſimply; though he imagined there was much reaſon to think his judges would not credit his ſincerity. His trial was ſoon brought on. Four of the graveſt ſenators of Stockholm reproached him with his crime, and urged him to confeſs the correſpondence he had carried on with the Ruſſians. He anſwered only by a conciſe narration, with tears in his eyes, of the manner of his being habituated to chew parchment. Whatever weakneſs there was in this defence, the air with which he uttered it, made an impreſſion upon one of the moſt venerable of the ſenators, who had ſufficient experience of the world to diſtinguiſh upright and innocent characters. Upon a ſtill ſtricter inquiry, the ſenator obſerved that whilſt his depoſition

poſition was penning, being entirely engaged with the queſtions that were put to him and his own anſwers, he could not refrain from ſtretching out his hand at intervals towards the ſtandiſh upon the table, from whence he pulled little bits of parchment with which it was covered, and by a natural propenſity he put them into his mouth. This obſervation made the ſenator think his ſtory was more probable; notwithſtanding he as well as his brethren upon the bench had at firſt conſidered it ſo vague and trifling, that they would ſcarce liſten to it. He put ſeveral queſtions to B—— upon the riſe and progreſs of this habit; he aſked him for circumſtances and proofs. Luckily the priſoner had at this very juncture in his pocket ſeveral fragments of bits of parchment rolled up, which he produced. Their form, their appearance, and every thing agreed with the account he had given of them. The good ſenator hereupon became his defender as well as his judge. Other inquiries, with reſpect to his conduct and connections, having completely cleared his reputation, the baron de Grotz was the foremoſt in ſoliciting his liberty and pardon.

Nevertheleſs, whether the baron was apprehenſive that this weakneſs might expoſe him to ſome freſh inconveniences, or rather the noiſe this affair had made, gave him a diſlike to B——'s ſervices, he diſmiſſed him after giving him a genteel recompence. There was but little probability that a man who had been rejected by the miniſter, ſhould meet with other opportunities of ſettling in Sweden. The unfortunate ſecretary reſolved to leave it; and paſſing into Courland, where

his

his adventure was unknown, he engaged with the firſt man of buſineſs that would employ him. Fortune, who led him by the hand, conducted him to the receiver-general of Mittau; a man devoted to pleaſure, who had been long ſeeking for an able writer, to whom he could transfer the care and fatigue of his employment. The new ſecretary ſoon demonſtrated, with much ſenſe and aſſiduity, that he was poſſeſſed of all the talents that were required. He preſently ingratiated himſelf with his maſter, who had a great regard for him, and which continued for ſeveral years whilſt he had the general ſuperintendence of his buſineſs: but he was not cured of the habit which had deſtroyed his fortune in Sweden. The receiver having one day ſettled his accounts with the miniſter, returned with a receipt ſigned with the duke's hand. This teſtimony he conſidered of the more importance to himſelf, as his enemies had ſpread ſome reports to his diſadvantage relative to malverſation, on account of his voluptuous life. This receipt, then, he put into the hands of his ſecretary, ſtrictly charging him to take particular care of it. This paper did not poſſeſs thoſe qualities which excited his former taſte for parchment. Nothing but abſence and the force of habit excited him to put it between his lips, perhaps with the deſign of not forgetting it, and to have it more at hand when he propoſed locking it up. The intervention of ſome years had weakened the impreſſion of his firſt diſgrace; and we do not ſufficiently miſtruſt ourſelves to think we are capable of certain great proofs of abſence twice. Be this as it may, he unfortunately expoſed this paper to the

the keenneſs of his teeth, and in a very ſhort ſpace of time, they made ſuch an impreſſion as to efface the duke's name, which conſtituted all its value. He immediately perceived the evil, but it was then irreparable. He even judged it much greater than it really was, and calling to mind his adventure at Stockholm, he concluded he was at the eve of the ſame danger. A little reflection, however, made him derive ſome advantage from what had then happened. The ſuſpicion of treachery was what he had the moſt to fear; and he therefore reſolved to anticipate his maſter's diſcovery of the accident, by a voluntary acknowledgment, and in order to obtain the greater indulgence, by exciting his compaſſion, he began by relating the unhappy event which made him quit Sweden; but it was not without tremor and palpitation he entered upon the confeſſion to which this was only prefatory.

The receiver no ſooner heard him mention the quittance, than he deviſed the ſubject of his trouble, and conſidering this affair as only a matter of pleaſantry, knowing that he could eaſily repair the damage, he amuſed himſelf with prolonging a ſcene that was whimſically diverting to him. At length having afforded conſolation to his ſecretary by freſh teſtimonies of confidence and friendſhip, his only care now was to take ſuch meaſures with the court as were neceſſary for his own ſecurity; and in the account he gave to the duke of all the particulars of the tranſaction, he did ſo much juſtice to his ſecretary's merit, that the duke was deſirous of ſeeing him. His perſonal appearance, and a ſhort converſation, ſecured him the eſteem of this

prince.

prince. He daily increaſed in reputation till the moment that fortune prepared to place him amongſt her favourites, by a total revolution in his apparent deſtiny. The receiver in conſidering his good qualities, which made him fear his loſs, and that whimſical habit, which might always occaſion him much uneaſineſs, reſolved to ſpare no trouble to cure him of this weakneſs. His reaſoning upon this ſubject was very juſt. Being of opinion that the evil to be remedied conſiſted ſolely in the fibres of the palate and the lips, which were accuſtomed to a certain motion which long uſe had rendered neceſſary, he did not therefore doubt that a motion ſtill ſtronger, cauſed by ſomething of a more ſtimulating taſte than parchment, would communicate another diſpoſition to the fibres, and readily accuſtom them to an object that would gratify them ſtill more. This concluſion appeared to him ſo evident, that he deferred the experiment no longer than that evening. He made his ſecretary ſup with him, and excited him by his own example to drink, and preſently rendered it impoſſible for him to think of parchment for the reſt of the night. The ſucceeding days he renewed his endeavours to apply the ſame remedy as often as his own ſtrength would allow. Strong liquors ſucceeded the beſt wine. At the end of a few weeks, he made his ſecretary acknowledge that the remembrance of the parchment no longer prevailed ; and the gratification of his new ſenſations began to predominate. But it was ſtill more lucky for the ſecretary, that the freedom of the table and the exhilaration of wine, removing all ſhyneſs, he diſcloſed the avenues to his genius ; and his naturally

noble ſentiments, and excellent qualities were ſo manifeſted, that his maſter thought himſelf the greater gainer of the two by this valuable diſcovery. The report of this extraordinary event ſoon reached the duke, who could not refrain from being perſonally ſatisfied. Thus the ſecretary became an object of univerſal attention; and his fortune ſo far changed its appearance, that he was under the neceſſity of evincing to the world the juſtneſs of thoſe firſt notions that were formed of his parts and abilities. He ſoon had the honour of ſerving a great princeſs in a very conſpicuous character, and the progreſs he made in her eſteem, left him no room to doubt of the favours to which fortune ſummoned him. But here we ſtop, as the deſign of theſe pages was only to point out the uncommon path which led the celebrated count B——— to that pinnacle of power and favour where he was ſo long beheld by all Europe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The fatal effects of a bon-mot of lord C——d. Loſes the count B—— when upon the point of marriage. The count's laconic apologetical card. Her proſpect with Mr. Smith. Her jealouſy. Her letter from Bath to Miſs Lawſon upon the occaſion. This lady's anſwer.

A Severe fit of illneſs had confined Amelia ſome time to her apartment, and the ill-natured world was not backward in attributing this confinement to a natural, that is a maternal cauſe. Upon her next appearance at court, the witty, but ill-natured lord C——, ſaid to her whilſt he was handing her to her chair—"Bleſs us, Miſs Amelia, we have been deprived of your company a long time—what's been the matter?—Scandal has indeed ſaid that you had been lying-in of *twins*; but I make it a rule never to believe above *half* what the world ſays."

This ſpeech was ſcarcely uttered, ere, as a *bon-mot* of his lordſhip's, it was re-echoed through all the coffee-houſes in London; and by night both Amelia's imaginary children were baptiſed by every clergyman in town.

It has ever been the invariable character of a profeſſed wit not to ſpare the perſon he holds in the greateſt eſteem, as he would rather, at any time, loſe his friend than his joke. This was preciſely the caſe at preſent; for lord C—— profeſſed a great regard for Miſs Gunnerſbury; but the impulſe of ſaying a good thing was too ſtrong upon him, to let ſlip ſo favourable

an opportunity. He indeed owned himſelf afterwards that he was chagrined at his vivacity; and really he had ſome reaſon ſo to be, for count B—— heard it told that very night at the imperial ambaſſador's, and tho' matters were carried ſo far that her wedding-ſuit was purchaſed, and the day of their nuptials was fixed upon, he never after viſited her, and the only apology he made was couched in theſe words:

L'on eſt heureux de connoitre les femmes. Il n'eſt jamais trop tard de battre la retraite, tandis que l'on n'a pas perdû l'etendart.

Adieu,

le comte B——.

It is a lucky thing for a man to know woman thoroughly. It is never too late to beat a retreat whilſt we are ſtill maſter of the colours.

Adieu,

count B——.

Though deſerted by the count, ſhe was not ſtill without hopes of making her fortune, as Mr. Smith, a wealthy merchant, was ſo deeply enamoured that he could not be abſent from her. During an excurſion to Bath ſhe renewed her correſpondence with Miſs Lawſon: we ſhall ſelect two letters as a ſpecimen of their manner of writing upon this occaſion.

Bath, November 4.

My dear HARRIOT,

All confuſion, all flurry, I ſet down to write agreeable to my promiſe upon my arrival at this place, which is indeed a new world to me. If in London I was peſtered

tered with admirers and common-place compliments, I am here overwhelmed with insignificant civility: here is a continual bustle about nothing—Frivolity seems here to have fixed its reign, and every resident is its implicit votary. Meditation, reflection, and even thinking are no part of the business of this place——they are banished these realms, and it is treason against the state, to attempt a restoration in either of their favour. We have books, it is true, without purchasers and without readers: if some amongst us are so unfashionable as to peruse a few pages, it is immediately pronounced that we are either in love, or are upon the point of becoming disciples at the tabernacle. The great commendations to polite company are to lose at quadrille with a good grace, to listen to every powdered fop that attempts having no more wit than your looking-glass, and being highly delighted with the insignificant group.

Hence will I fly, my dear Harriot, to regions of more rationality—Solitude will afford me that satisfaction which the dull irksome rounds of pleasure constantly banish from me. Write to me, and tell me how you pass your time at Richmond, that Montpellier of England and garden of Britain. Adieu, my dear Harriot, the post is going out, and I have only time to subscribe,

Your's most affectionately,

AMELIA GUNNERSBURY.

Richmond, November 10.

Is it the gay Amelia that thus moralizes—She who died in solitude, and was the representative of pleasure and amusement? Believe me, Amelia, it is not Bath

that is thus offenſive to you; neither the frivolity of the beaux, nor the impertinence of the fops diſpleaſes you—but, perhaps, the cauſe of your philoſophy may be found amongſt the ladies. Examine well your heart, and then tell me if a rival has made no impreſſions there, for I cannot believe your love—I mean your friendſhip—is ſo little tinctured with the tender paſſion as calmly to allow a female aſſociate.

If this be the caſe, blame only yourſelf. Mr. Smith has too many attractions to paſs unnoticed in ſo gay a circle—If he has captivated ſome fair rival, you have yourſelf been acceſſary to the deed. In truth, Amelia, you never committed ſo great an overſight as by accompanying him to Bath. Withdraw yourſelf and him directly from that gay receptacle, ſo immediately the temple of the Cyprian queen.

We are here all ſerenity—Come, and partake of it—Nay bring your amiable friend—Fear not in me a rival—Beſides the happineſs of your perſonal accompliſhments, your mental charms, will be ſufficient to ſecure him, and me for ever.

Your's moſt ſincerely,

HARRIOT LAWSON.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Amelia loſes Mr. Smith. A new colony of lovers. A deſcription of Mr. Drawback, with his curious epiſtle, ſucceeded by an uncommon converſation all upon the tender paſſion.

MISS Lawſon's prediction ſeems but to have forerun the event; for we very ſoon after find Mr. Smith married to a widow lady at the identical place from whence Amelia's laſt letter is dated; but her conqueſts in the city were not circumſcribed to a ſingle merchant: ſhe may be ſaid to have had an excluſive charter over all the trading companies, though this might not probably have been exerted without ſome illicit commerce.

The truth is, without a figure, ſhe had ſeveral propoſals made her, wherein the word *marriage* had never once crept. Amongſt the foremoſt of theſe contractors ſtood Mr. Nathaniel Drawback, aged ſixty-ſix, plump and gouty, a bachelor and dry-ſalter.

He had ſeen Amelia at a city-ball, and would fain have handed her to her chair, had he not met with an accident by getting over a bench, whereby he hurt his beſt leg, and made the blood guſh from his noſe, which, by reaſon of a group of carbuncles, was in a very ſanguine ſtate, and could at any time ſave him the expence of phlebotomy.

Such was her preſent mercantile lover, who wrote to her a tender billet, as he thought it, conceived in the following terms.

" My deareſt Life,

" I am reſolved to make your fortune—You are deſerving of every thing I can do for you—One glance of your eye might agitate the whole Eaſt-India company. I am reſolved to transfer five hundred pounds ſtock the firſt day the books are open, in your favour. I have calculated the preciſe value of your charms—They are indeed very numerous and eſtimable: make no abatement, for I leave ſubſtraction out of the caſe, accept my heart, and I ſwear to you, that I ſhall ever inviolably remain, without reduction,

Your moſt faithful humble
Servant to a fraction,
NATHANIEL DRAWBACK."

He impatiently waited for an anſwer, which he obtained only from her own lips, and which may be found in the ſucceeding converſation, where the reader may have an opportunity of eſtimating the intrinſic value of *bank-ſtock* love, and of agreeing with the poet, that

' A general doom on all mankind is paſt,
' And all are fools and lovers, firſt or laſt.'

The letter in queſtion he had diſpatched from a neighbouring coffee-houſe, and almoſt followed the heels of the porter, being admitted nearly the ſame time with his billet, when the following dialogue took place.

Draw. Your ſervant—Your ſervant—You ſee I am blunt but honeſt—None of your ſneaking lovers, who court a woman for a twelvemonth, and never ſay a ſyllable about caſh.

Am. Really, Sir, I have not the pleaſure of know-

ing

ing you—But if you are the writer of this curious epiſtle, your behaviour is as extraordinary as your ſtyle.

Draw. Ay, Madam, five hundred is the word—And let me tell you, conſidering ſtocks are below par, it is a great deal of money; but my word's my bond, and my bond, let me tell you, Madam, will go for twenty thouſand any day upon Change.

Am. But pray, Sir, what's all this to the purpoſe? What are your commands with me?

Draw. Why, Madam, I refer you to my letter, I am no great ſpokeſman, but I have ſaid it, and I'll do it—And if you want an hundred down, here is a draught upon Sir Joſeph for the money.

Am. You explain your meaning into myſtery; the farther you go, the leſs I underſtand you.

Draw. Not underſtand me!—Why have not I told you over and over I am in love with you—And that I am ready to tranſfer five hundred pounds ſtock as the intrinſic value of your charms.

Am. Your compliment, Sir, is truly mercantile, and ſince, Sir, you are ſo fond of calculation, pray what do you think are the greateſt odds, that you are not toſſed in a blanket, or out of the window in leſs than five minutes?

Upon ſaying this, Amelia rung the bell, and a ſtout footman appearing, Mr. Drawback thought fit to retire as faſt as his legs could carry him with the help of two ſticks, without entering into any farther elucidation of his amorous paſſion.

This lover was ſcarce diſpatched, before ſhe was waited on by another in the perſon of Polligio, whoſe character we ſhall delineate in the ſucceeding chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

The adventures of a fortune-hunter, or polygamy illuſtrated.

THE character of Polligio, who was introduced in the laſt chapter, ſhall now be illuſtrated.

Polligio was the ſon of an iron-monger, and bred to his father's profeſſion; but upon his death meeting with ſome loſſes in trade, and not having a natural diſpoſition for the counting-houſe, he ſold off his ſtock, and realized a ſmall annuity for his own life.

He had never yet turned his thoughts towards matrimony, as he had ever conſidered a wife as an incumbrance that ſhould at leaſt be counterbalanced by a fortune adequate to her own expence, if not to that which ſhe might create; and having never yet met with a female who had this with other requiſite accompliſhments, he had remained a bachelor till he was paſt his thirtieth year; but being circumſcribed in his expences, and having a natural turn for gaiety and voluptuouſneſs, imagined that an increaſe in his income, would certainly increaſe his happineſs, he reſolved marrying the firſt woman who had ſuch a fortune as would compenſate for the want of any other charms, which he was reſolved for the future never to think of much leſs expect in a wife.

He had no ſooner taken this reſolution than he ſet out for the tour of the watering places, with all the auxiliaries of dreſs. Bath, Briſtol, Tunbridge, and Scarborough he took in their ſeaſons. At the laſt of

theſe

theſe places he met with a widow entirely to his mind. She was as anxious of throwing off her weeds, as he was of putting on his wedding-ſuit; ſhe almoſt anticipated the propoſal he made to her, and the honey-moon, including their courtſhip, did not both exceed a month.

So eaſy a conqueſt, with three thouſand pounds, convinced Polligio that he was poſſeſſed of thoſe abilities which had too long lain dormant, and which ſhould ere now have entitled him to an equipage.

As Polligio had none of thoſe ſcruples of conſcience, which the vulgar are apt to imagine conſtituent parts of an honeſt man, he conſidered the whole ſex as fair game for him, and reſolved to lay ſiege to every female whoſe fortune entitled her to a huſband.

He had ſcarce eſtabliſhed this fundamental maxim, before he heard of a maiden lady, upon the verge of antiquity, and who, according to the beſt intelligence (from her ſervants) greatly repined at the many good offers ſhe had refuſed, and who was now readily diſpoſed to alter her condition for *better for worſe*, with a man ſhe could like, and who promiſed fair to make her a mother, before it was too late to become ſo.

This information would have had but little weight with Polligio, tho' he had no ſort of doubt that he was poſſeſſed of the talents, had he not at the ſame time learnt that this lady, who was a reſident of Red-Lion-Square, was in actual poſſeſſion of fifteen hundred a year.

To work, then, he went—put on his courtly cloaths, and his moſt courtly looks, and made a very ra-

pid

pid progreſs in the lady's affection; when unfortunately taking a pinch of ſnuff in his miſtreſs's preſence—ſhe fainted; and when ſhe recovered, declared that the ſight of a man that took ſnuff, was the moſt odious thing that could poſſibly offer itſelf. The box was immediately demoliſhed, and the flames that aroſe from its ſacrifice bore witneſs of the fervent vows he made never again to immerſe his fingers in Harding's number five. In proportion as he ſwore, ſhe recovered, and in about an hour's time the preliminaries of marriage were ſettled, ſhe having made proper proviſion for two monkies, three ſquirrels, four cats, and a parrot; and ſet out the next day, as the papers teſtified, to conſummate their nuptials at Maidenhead.

The next object of his attention in the connubial way, was a widow lady in Lancaſhire. He had received ſo favourable an account of her devotion and ſanctified turn of mind, that he was not in the leaſt doubtful that he ſhould marry her *methodiſtically*, upon his firſt onſet. He accordingly took down the licence and ring, that no time might be loſt, and commenced itinerant preacher upon his arrival in her neighbourhood. He caught the cant ſo well, and poured forth ſuch libations of brotherly love, that ſhe married him the next night after a love-feaſt.

A romantic girl, with five thouſand pounds, whoſe head was turned with novels, would have been an eaſy conqueſt if Polligio had been fond of fighting—even with windmills. She could think of no man who had not performed ſome atchievement for her. He, however, killed her ſquirrel, which threw her into a ſwoon, and the parſon being

being ready with proper witneſſes, ſhe was married before ſhe recovered.

Theſe, with ſome other conqueſts of inferior note, made the number of his wives amount to ſeven; who live all in the ſame houſe in perfect harmony, being upon an equal footing, and performing the different vocations relative to their lord and maſter with the greateſt alacrity.

He was now willing to increaſe the number of his wives to eight, having a bed ſtill unoccupied, and therefore waited upon Miſs Gunnerſbury to pay his addreſſes in form. But one of her maids having lived in his neighbourhood, and knowing his character, ſhe acquainted her miſtreſs with it, who refuſed him ever after admittance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Amelia's voyage to Paris with lady Dorothy, who is greatly alarmed at the apprehenſions of her ſon's death upon their arrival at Paris. Enthuſiaſm and libertiniſm uncommonly blended in the character of M. D'Ainſette, a mouſquetaire noir.

DIſguſted with ſuch a tribe of inſignificant or artful lovers, ſhe reſolved no longer to liſten to them; and having a propoſal made her by lady Bellville to accompany her to Paris ſhe ſet out for Dover, and arrived at Calais the next night. Upon their arrival at Paris, it was neceſſary to enquire for Sir William Bellville, lady Dorothy's ſon, who was the principal cauſe of their journey: he had not been heard of at his hôtel ſince morning, and by ſome inuendoes that dropt from the maſter of the houſe, there was reaſon to think he had that very day been killed in a duel.

Lady Dorothy was very unhappy till he made his appearance in the evening, when he accounted for the rumour they had given riſe to his being killed by the following narration.

Monſieur D'Ainſette is a mouſquetaire noir, about thirty years of age, of a ſanguinary complexion, full of fire and ſpirit, a great admirer of the fair ſex, and a profeſſed debauchee. He has already killed his man, and obtained his pardon, ſo that his honour is indiſputable, and his character eſtabliſhed.

Yeſterday, which was Maundy-Thurſday, we were at madam Paris's ſerail, upon the Boulevard, where I

was

was compelled to be a ſpectator of a ſcene which greatly ſhocked me. One of the ladies had communicated a certain faſhionable diſorder to Monſieur D'Ainſette, who having ſwore revenge againſt the culprit, two more mouſquetaires with him and myſelf repaired thither. Unacquainted with his deſign, or the nature of the puniſhment he intended to inflict upon his guilty Thais, he was ſometime retired into a room with her, when at length he came laughing out, and told us to behold how judiciouſly he had puniſhed her, for that he had hit upon the niceſt *lex talionis* that could poſſibly be deviſed. Saying this, he threw open the door, and we perceived the unhappy female tied to the bed-poſts, with a lighted candle in a part that ſhall here be anonymous. I was greatly ſhocked at the ſight, and endeavoured to diſſuade him from puniſhing the unhappy female any farther; but all my remonſtrances were ſo far from being effectual, that they had nearly brought on a quarrel between us, he conſidering my petitioning for the lady as an inſult to his judgment; and I was obliged for the preſent to let her ſubmit to his cruelty, which led him ſo far as to lock the door, and it being an apartment very diſtant from the ſalloon where the reſt of the boarders were, her outcries could bring no one to her aſſiſtance.

As ſoon as I could get rid of my companions I haſtily returned, and very opportunely ſaved this unfortunate woman from being burnt to death. Her expreſſions of gratitude were too great for me to indure, and I left her to reflect upon the dangers to which ſhe expoſed herſelf, by purſuing her preſent plan of life.

I did

I did not meet with Monſ. D'Ainſette till the next day, when he told me he was going to do his duty at *Nôtre Dame*. My curioſity was greatly excited to be a ſpectator to his devotions; and I therefore followed at ſome diſtance, and placing myſelf behind a pillar, could obſerve all his motions without his perceiving me. He fell upon his knees, kiſſed the wooden crucifix that is publicly expoſed upon this day, and after having plentifully bathed it in tears, paid a crown of ſix livres, for the trouble he had given the image.

Juſt as he was riſing up from this religious piece of mummery, turning round he perceived me, at which I could not help ſmiling. He came up to me, and enquired if I had done my duty; which ſo excited my rifible muſcles that I could not refrain from laughing outright. He aſked me what made me laugh, to which I very innocently replied, his queſtion and the hypocritical part I had juſt been ſeeing him perform. This anſwer brought on a very ſignificant frown upon his countenance, whilſt he ſaid, "Follow me, Sir:" when we were got into the ſtreet, he aſked "what I meant by ſo groſsly inſulting him and religion—that a mouſquettaire never put up with ſuch affronts, and therefore he inſiſted upon immediate ſatisfaction." I at firſt endeavoured to rally him out of his paſſion; but finding this did but more enrage him, I endeavoured to reaſon with him, and convince him that I had no deſign of affronting him; but all my rhetoric was loſt, and we were poſting away to the Boulevard, to decide the matter like men of honour; when meeting with one of our companions of the day before, who perceiving by our countenances

nances that ſomething was the matter, he deſired to know what diſturbed us? He firſt addreſſed Monſieur D'Ainſette, but his choler was too much fermented to give a reply. When he applied to me, I told him the real matter of fact, aſſuring him very ſtrenuouſly, that I had no deſign of affronting Monſieur D'Ainſette, and that I was willing to make him any reaſonable ſubmiſſion if he had taken any thing amiſs. He then took Monſieur D'Ainſette aſide, who would liſten to no arguments for a long time, till at length his friend telling him that I was an Engliſhman, and of courſe a heretic, and therefore whatever I thought or ſaid about religion, muſt go for nothing; he immediately came running up to me, and, taking me by the hand, ſaid, "Oh! Sir, if you are a heretic, the caſe is different"—and we were immediately reconciled. I could not help reflecting that it was lucky for me in this caſe that I was a heretic; for if I had been as good a chriſtian as himſelf, he would certainly have cut my throat for the ſake of religion.

Thus ended Sir William's narrative, which gave Amelia and her companion a great inſight into the characteriſtic folly and bigotry of the French nation, who pique themſelves upon a ridiculous point of honour, and who, at the ſame time, are not aſhamed of being guilty of the moſt atrocious actions.

An uncommon adventure that happened to a celebrated coquette, whilſt they were at Paris, made ſo much noiſe, that Amelia had the curioſity to viſit her in her cloiſter, when ſhe learnt her extraordinary ſtory, with which we ſhall preſent the reader.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The coquette, or the hiſtory of Lucinda.

THOSE fatal events which fruſtrate our moſt agreeable wiſhes, ſhould not always be conſidered as misfortunes. They are ſometimes neceſſary to conduct us to that tranquility from which we fly. The light of reaſon burſts upon us on a ſudden, and, being convinced of our error, we diſabuſe ourſelves of the illuſion which figured to us real pleaſures only in the appearance. A young lady, whom we ſhall call *Lucinda*, who by the death of her father and mother, had become, in ſome reſpect, the miſtreſs of her own will, has lately been convinced of the truth of the obſervation. The greateſt Stoic could not reſiſt the power of her charms; her complexion was compoſed of that clear ſoftneſs which communicates the idea of beauty, and her ſhape ſeemed emulous to rival the other gifts ſhe had received from nature. An aged aunt, with whom ſhe lived, was always ill, and therefore but little qualified to regulate her conduct, or limit the number of her admirers. The more numerous her lovers, the more was the vanity of Lucinda flattered by their aſſiduities. She was a coquette, and ſo ſuſceptible of flattery, that ſhe indiſcriminately liſtened to every one that complimented her. The firſt who at her altar breathed the ſighs of love, ſeemed to be the only happy man; but a rival no ſooner appeared, than he obliterated

literated every fond impreſſion the other thought he had graven on her heart; and this had as little to boaſt, when a third undertook to pleaſe her: thus by the avidity of conquering all, ſhe retained none. Her character ſoon diſguſted them, and when they diſcovered the unſteadineſs of her diſpoſition, they yielded to their ſucceeding rivals. Their deſertion did not give her the leaſt uneaſineſs; the preſent lover was he that gave her the greateſt pleaſure, and provided ſhe had but adorers it mattered not that they were of any long date. After five or ſix years were thus paſſed with indifference in the commerce of lovers, as prejudicial to her intereſt, as it was to her fame, a ſagacious lady, of well known merit, who viſited her ſometimes, one day freely opened her mind. She began by complimenting her beauty, which daily ſecured her freſh conqueſts, and by repreſenting the little advantage ſhe derived from them, ſhe plainly demonſtrated, that ſhe inſenſibly advanced toward that age when lovers ceaſe to idolize, and that a ſenſible woman ſhould prefer to every thing a ſolid eſtabliſhment, which would give her rank in the world; that this depended upon the choice of a huſband, which ſhe would find it very difficult to meet with, whilſt ſhe neglected to fix her heart. Lucinda reliſhed this remonſtrance, and opening her eyes to the extravagance of her conduct, which it was time to quit, ſhe intreated the lady who gave her ſuch good advice, to take upon her the care of chuſing a huſband for her. The lady immediately thought of a young gentleman of her acquaintence, who was genteel and agreeable, and an officer in the German ſervice. Lucinda was not

unknown

unknown to him, having ſometimes met her at the lady's, and ſhe recollected that after having attentively eyed her, he had made an eulogium upon her beauty. The young gentleman was much ſtraightened in his affairs, and the fortune which Lucinda poſſeſſed would, doubtleſs, be of great ſervice to him. The lady mentioned this match to Lucinda, by way of converſation, and Lucinda, who recollected the young gentleman, ſeriouſly replied, that ſhe ſhould be extremely obliged to the lady, if ſhe would put things in a train of ſucceeding. No time was loſt. The lady wrote to the officer, and informed him, that being acquainted with the ſtate of his affairs, ſhe thought he ſhould not refuſe the match that was propoſed to him; that if Lucinda had been ſomewhat flighty, a little coquetry was pardonable in a pretty woman, who intended to relinquiſh it; that he had ſenſe enough to keep her within the limits of diſcretion; and that if her gaiety and inconſtancy had made the ill-natured world talk of her, he ſhould conſider that ſome ſmall ſacrifice was due to the ſatisfaction of being at eaſe and independent. The officer approved of the match; but being by his commiſſion obliged to remain with his corps till after the campaign, he deſired that the concluſion of the marriage might be deferred till that time. The campaign was but juſt begun, and to make ſo long a prelude paſs the leſs irkſome, he entered into a regular epiſtolary correſpondence with Lucinda, by which ſhe found that the remembrance of her charms had left a very ſenſible impreſſion upon her lover's heart. The ſympathy of the

the tender paſſion operated upon Lucinda; and that none might reproach her with coquetry, from the time of her accepting this propoſal, ſhe did not only refuſe making any new acquaintance, but ſhe was conſtantly with the lady who ſeemed to be the guardian of her conduct, and who having loſt her huſband at this time, was not diſpleaſed with Lucinda's aſſiduity, which took off much of her domeſtic attention, which it would have been difficult for her to have given at this melancholy period. Six months elapſed, and the campaign being finiſhed, the lovers ſaw each other with equal ſatisfaction. The officer at firſt teſtified the ſtrongeſt inclination that a real paſſion can inſpire, and the conditions of the engagement were agreed to immediately; but when the contract came to be drawn up in form, he did not teſtify ſo much ardour. He found Lucinda very amiable, conſidering her perſon; but the diſagreeable ſtories he had heard upon the variety of her lovers, hurt him in deſpite of himſelf, and he could not conceal from the lady who had been mediatreſs, that he had much diſguſt to marry a girl whom ſcandal ſo little ſpared. In fact, he was every day rallied upon his intended marriage, and this was carried to ſuch a length, that he heard young fellows brag in his preſence of Lucinda's favours. The lady treated theſe reports as calumnies; he himſelf believed them to be falſe; but the world gave credit to them, and a man of honour could not expoſe himſelf to the ſhame of being ſo little delicate of his reputation, as to let himſelf be dazzled by the advantages of intereſt.

Lucinda's

Lucinda's mortification at her lover's coolneſs carried her beyond all bounds. She accuſed the lady at whoſe houſe ſhe frequently met him, and aſked her, what could be her inducement to deſtroy what ſhe herſelf had planned. The lady excuſed her warmth, and only replied, that if Lucinda had been more reſerved in the viſits ſhe had received from ſuch a variety of men, which could only tend to her deſtruction, ſhe would not have drawn upon herſelf the diſagreeable reports that diſguſted her lover. This ſhort altercation, which teſtified ſome ſmall jealouſy, had at firſt no conſequences; but Lucinda ſuſpecting ſome ſecret correſpondence, came ſo often to make the ſame complaints, even at very unſeaſonable hours, in expectation of finding the officer with her, which happened more than once, that the lady was at length compelled to ſpeak to her rather rudely. Lucinda retired in rage, proteſting never to ſee her again; and ſhe wanted to oblige her lover to do the ſame. He excuſed himſelf, ſaying, that decency would not allow him to break, upon ſo ſlight a pretence, with a friend of ſo long ſtanding; and all that ſhe could obtain from him, was that his viſits to the lady ſhould be leſs frequent. He did not, however, keep his word, and as the lady lived in the ſame neighbourhood as Lucinda, he never retired from his miſtreſs at night, without going privately to the lady's. Lucinda's ſcouts apprized her not only of every one of theſe viſits, but even their duration; and what corroborated her ſuſpicion, was that he never acknowledged them.

Lucinda's

Lucinda's match was all this time in the ſame ſtate of uncertainty, though he conſtantly continued his viſits; and he now appeared with greater gaiety, and ſeemed to pay her more attention than uſual.

She had a myrmidon always ready to watch his motions after he left her; and one night having ſtaid with her much later than uſual, and appearing in ſuch extraordinary ſpirits as ſhe could not account for, ſhe gave particular orders to her ſcout to follow him, and bring her word whether he went directly home. Her ſpy was to have returned immediately with the news——but ſhe was racked with a variety of conjectures for four hours, when her patience being entirely exhauſted, her jealouſy was ſet in full play, without being able to reach the goal of truth.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Sequal of the coquette, or the hiſtory of Lucinda.

HER ſcout returned quite out of breath, ſcarce able to ſpeak, as what he had been an eye-witneſs of appeared to him like a dream.

The officer whom he dogged went to the lady's, and in about an hour's time they came out together, accompanied by a young gentlewoman who lived in the houſe, and who it was ſaid was ſhortly to be married. Four men eſcorted them, and they all repaired to the pariſh church, the door of which flew open as ſoon as they appeared, and as ſoon they entered it immediately ſhut again. The ſpy, who did not dare offer to go in, as he would have been known, after waiting a full hour, ſaw them all return to the lady's.

Here were all the appearances of a wedding—the only doubt that remained, was whether it was the lady or the young gentlewoman that was the bride.

Lucinda had ſtill ſo good an opinion of her lover, that ſhe thought him incapable of giving his hand to another before he had diſengaged himſelf from thoſe promiſes he had made to her; and this opinion was ſtrengthened when he came that very day to dine with her. He ſaid a thouſand civil things to her, and even mentioned the endeavours he would uſe to ſurmount thoſe obſtacles which had hitherto been a bar to their happineſs.

Not-

Notwithſtanding this declaration, ſhe was not ſo blinded by her paſſion as to yield an implicit faith to all he ſaid; and ſhe was reſolved if he had impoſed upon her, he ſhould not, at leaſt, have the ſatisfaction of a public triumph.

Three hours after, the whole myſtery was unravelled by an unexpected occurrence: ſhe was deſired to aſſiſt at a chriſtening at this very ſame church. The ceremony was performed, and as the ſponſors are obliged to ſign their names in the regiſter-book, ſhe found the laſt article there inſcribed, was the marriage of the lover and the lady, with the four witneſſes.

Lucinda had preſence of mind enough to ſuppreſs any viſible emotion at this diſcovery; and ſhe paſſed the night in fortifying herſelf againſt ſuch an unexpected adventure.

The next day ſhe found her mind pretty eaſy, and the officer paid her, as uſual, a viſit; ſhe received him very agreeably, and with a greater gaiety than uſual. She conſidered that there was nothing certain in this life, and that it was time for her to ſeek for happineſs within herſelf, as ſhe found that her conduct, which had been ſomewhat flighty, had not left her reputation ſo unſullied as for her to hope making a choice to her ſatisfaction. Theſe reflections raiſed her above her anxieties; and the officer continuing his viſits, ſhe ſupported admirably well, for eight or ten days, the reſolution ſhe had at firſt taken to be quite ſilent upon his marriage. She knew it was neceſſary for him to keep it ſecret, on account of an employment for which he was ſolliciting, and ſhe conſidered any noiſe that ſhe

might make about it, as a revenge unworthy of her, and with which ſhe ſhould upbraid herſelf all her life.

When ſhe found ſhe had attained reſolution ſufficient to execute her deſign, ſhe deſired him to conduct her to the lady, with whom ſhe was tired to live at variance. He was delighted at finding her in this diſpoſition, and the day was fixed upon for this viſit. Judge of his conſternation, when after ſaluting the lady, Lucinda told her with a ſmile and great eaſe, that ſhe came to rejoice with her upon her happy marriage. They would at firſt have denied it; but Lucinda aſſerted in ſuch poſitive terms that ſhe had ſeen it regiſtered, and naming the four witneſſes, the lady was compelled to acknowledge that ſhe could not reſiſt a ſecret inclination, which ſhe had always entertained for the young gentleman. To which ſhe added, that ſhe never would have brought them together as lovers, if ſhe could have foreſeen that ſhe would have been a widow in ſo ſhort a time; that ſhe had uſed all her endeavours to conquer her paſſion, to avoid giving Lucinda any cauſe of uneaſineſs—but that her ſtars had at length prevailed. Lucinda replied, that there was nothing ſhe more ſincerely wiſhed, than to ſee them as contented as ſhe was; that ſhe begged they might aſſure themſelves of her keeping their marriage an inviolable ſecret, as long as they thought proper; and that ſhe was in hopes of ſoon convincing them that there was nothing wanting to complete her felicity. This aſſurance finiſhed her viſit.

The officer, who was unable to juſtify himſelf, had not broke ſilence; he, however, politely offered Lucinda

cinda his hand to conduct her home: but she told him, that she earnestly intreated he would forget that they had ever conversed together, as they were absolutely dead to each other.

The next day Lucinda entered into a convent. Here she has been for six months, leading a life of pure serenity and perfect contentment, without wishing for lovers, or a thousand other things, which fruitlessly amused her in her juvenile days; and she protests that if even she should have no call to take the veil, nothing can prompt her to quit an abode, where peace of mind, and undisturbed tranquillity secure to her all the happiness this world affords.

CHAP. XVII.

A fatal diſcovery, attended with a change in Amelia's fortune. The riſe of her connection with count ———, and its advantages.

UPON our heroine's return from France ſhe ſhone with greater luſtre than ever in the circle of pleaſure and amuſement; and as her natural turn for ridicule had been amply nouriſhed in the region of folly and diſſipation, ſhe painted the extravagance and foppery of that nation in ſuch lively colours, that even the French were compelled to join in the laugh againſt themſelves.

The reader may, perhaps, be curious to know how Amelia ſupported herſelf in the gay circle ſhe had hitherto figured: from the repulſe that Drawback met with, it is plain that five hundred pounds would not tempt her, and we do not find that ſhe had ever a greater *ready money* offer made her. Shall we diſcloſe the ſecret? Some trifling preſents only ſhe had received from her ſuitors; but play had hitherto been her principal ſupport. She had been remarkably lucky for upwards of three years—but at length fortune turned the blind ſide upon Amelia.

It was now that her virtue, chaſtity, or fortitude was to ſtand the ſevereſt proof. Repeated runs of ill luck had not only carried away all her caſh, and exhauſted what money ſhe could raiſe by borrowing; but her credit being deſtroyed, ſhe was compelled as her laſt expedient to mortgage her jewels; this reſource was

ſoon

ſoon exhauſted, and ſhe was at length obliged to play the levant.

Count ———, the ——— miniſter, was the firſt perſon to whom her ill-luck compelled her to become a debtor: the count's politeneſs, however, anticipated all apology, and in the morning ſhe received a very elegant billet from him, deſiring her to add a hundred pound note, which he incloſed, to the ſmall debt of honour ſhe owed him.

This well-timed politeneſs won her heart, and the man whom ſhe had hitherto looked upon with great indifference, or rather contempt as a lover, by this ſtratagem found means to ſteal into her affections, and ſoon triumphed over all his rivals.

The count's purſe now became hers, and he found means to throw into her way ſuch douceurs, as aroſe from the nature of his public character, that Amelia at this time lived in the greateſt affluence, without being dependent upon brag or quadrille.

Captain Gunnerſbury's affairs had hitherto continued in a ſtate of great embarraſſment, ſo that he had till now remained an inhabitant of Charing-Croſs, rather through neceſſity than inclination; but upon Amelia's alliance with the count, he took upon himſelf the title of ſecretary; and this nominal employment ſecured him from all the attacks of his creditors.

The ſanction which the captain's reſidence with Amelia gave to her character, prevented for a long while any ſuſpicion ariſing about the means of her ſupport; ſhe therefore enlarged the ſphere of her acquaintance, being ſtill conſidered as the ſtandard of taſte and elegance.

Her guſto for muſic was held in ſuch eſteem, that every Italian or other compoſer conſtantly conſulted her, before he ventured to perform his piece in public; and when once it had received the ſtamp of her approbation, it was dangerous for the ſmatterers to condemn it. Her judgment in poetry was alſo highly valued, and her toilet was conſtantly ſtrewed with the works of many modern hands, who conſidered it as the higheſt honour to merit her applauſe.

As Amelia's intimacy with the count was ſtill a ſecret, ſhe frequently received tender epiſtles, and even verbal propoſals from many ſuitors: among the number of theſe was Credulio, who had juſt loſt his wife, whom he had conſidered as the paragon of all human perfection, and was therefore willing to try his fortune once more in the wheel of matrimony, in hopes of gaining another ſuch prize.

To ſuppreſs the character of Credulio would be doing the fair ſex an injury; and we ſhall hold him up as the mirror of a good huſband, and ſuch a one as every woman would deſire.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The hiſtory of Credulio; or the portrait of a good huſband. Villany of Dorimont. An unlucky diſcovery artfully evaded.

CREDULIO is one of thoſe happy eaſy men, that are never diſpleaſed, never diſpirited; conſcious of having at no time invented a falſehood themſelves, they imagine all mankind of the ſame complexion, and eaſily glide through life and conſtant impoſition, without having ever ſuſpected deceit, or attempted the detection of fraud.

Credulio was born the heir of two thouſand a year, with a competent ſhare of health and ruſtic good ſenſe. Upon the demiſe of his uncle, to whoſe fortune he ſucceeded, he came up to London, was dreſſed by his taylor, and introduced into good company by his fortune. Every female, in purſuit of a huſband and a handſome ſettlement, fixed her eyes upon Credulio. His perſon had nothing to recommend it, but a wholeſome floridity and openneſs of countenance, which at once diſplayed the ſincerity of his heart and the contentment of his mind. He had evaded all the ſhafts of love that had been inceſſantly levelled at him by every female fortune-hunter that frequents routs, and thinks her ſweet perſon not over-valued, at the moderate eſtimation of fifty-thouſand pounds. With this perſonal fortune, none, however, had been yet able to purchaſe Credulio's heart, though it had by all theſe female candidates been judged an eaſy acquiſition; till Ruſella, who had long ſtudied all the artifices of

her ſex, and was almoſt grown grey in knowledge, rivalled many who were young enough to be her daughters.

Ruſella had ſtill veſtiges of a good face, an eaſy graceful carriage, and an happy art of dreſſing herſelf to the greateſt advantage. To theſe recommendations ſhe added an uncommon ſhare of ſpirits, and by reading and company had acquired an eaſy fluent converſation, calculated to pleaſe thoſe who were not too nice in being pleaſed. The buſy world had, however, in her juvenile years promulgated a tale, whereby it ſeemed her curioſity got the better of her prudence; but her latter conduct had been ſo circumſpect, that the good-natured part of man, and even womankind, were willing to believe the ſtory forged.

Such was Ruſella when ſhe made an attack in form upon Credulio—The frankneſs of his own diſpoſition laid him open to the artifices of Ruſella; and when ſhe inſinuated, not without a ſigh, and the moſt tender expreſſions of the eyes, that he was poſſeſſed of her heart, the honeſt Credulio found ſomething quiver about his own to which he was before a ſtranger. So ſenſible, ſo agreeable a woman, he thought not unworthy of his attention, and theſe firſt favourable impreſſions, ſhe failed not to improve to her advantage. Such an indirect declaration from a woman would by many men have been conſtrued as a direct overture for the moſt unlicenced paſſion; and perhaps even Ruſella, with all her cunning, might have ſubmitted to an adept in the tender paſſion. But Credulio, untutored in the wiles of diſſimulation, and ignorant of the ſtratagems of love, viewed Ruſella in the light of an eſtimable

woman;

woman; and every thought that might tend to diminiſh her fame, was a ſtranger to his boſom.

A reciprocality of ſentiments ſo well founded, could not fail of bearing their native fruit. Hymen ſoon lighted up his torch, and Credulio and Ruſella were by all pronounced a very happy pair.

It had been a matter of ſpeculation with the overprying and too curious world, whether Ruſella had not paſſed that critical period of female life, whereby ſhe was debarred from being a mother; and two years barrenneſs after marriage had in a great degree corroborated the opinion.

It was at this time that Credulio made a journey into Weſtmoreland to renew ſome leaſes with his tenants, and ſettle ſome other buſineſs relative to his eſtate. Dorimont, the gay, the flighty Dorimont, had long been conſidered by Credulio amongſt the foremoſt of his friends, and as ſuch he had procured him a commiſſion in the army, and Credulio's houſe was always open to him—nor did the abſence of the hoſt preclude him from his table; Ruſella did its honours, and Dorimont was ſtill a conſtant gueſt.

Three months had now elapſed during Credulio's abſence, and yet Ruſella did not ſeem to think the time ſo irkſome as that paſſionate fondneſs which firſt inſpired her might have rendered it. Dorimont was her conſtant gueſt, her conſtant companion, her conſtant attendant. Malicious tongues would, indeed, inſinuate that ſuch an intimacy was not quite conſiſtent with Ruſella's reputation: but her huſband's approbation, and her own ſecurity, made her ſmile at theſe impotent inſinuations.

Her husband's return was, however, unexpected; and medical fame says, that Dorimont and Rusella were then pursuing a regimen, which had it not been for that wicked Columbus, Europeans would never have been compelled to.

Credulio descended from his post-chaise in Piccadilly, and met Dorimont coming out of George's ——, the most amicable salutation ensued after so long an absence, and Dorimont was easily prevailed upon, as indeed he had appointed, to dine with Rusella.

Such a critical visit from Credulio with Dorimont was insupportable to Rusella—her imagination, however, supplied her as usual: instead of congratulating her husband upon his safe return to London, after so long an absence, she fell into a violent passion at his imprudence in bringing a guest when there was nothing for dinner, as she, expecting no company, had made no provision—fits succeeded the passion—the captain took the hint and applied directly to a man-midwife of his acquaintance, who ordered Rusella immediately to bed—and a sham miscarriage ensued.

She recovered, and her husband was happy at this imaginary testimony of her fertility, which greatly flattered the opinion he entertained of his own abilities.

Reader, if you are honest and unsuspecting as Credulio, you may perhaps congratulate him upon the acquisition.—But if you know the character of Dorimont, you will pity him for his simplicity.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

A few pertinent obſervations upon the preſent ſtate of demi-repiſm, in the character of Miſs Juliana Biſhop.

MISS Gunnerſbury's connection with count —— was now ſo univerſally known, that her former female acquaintance behaved with great coolneſs towards her, and ſcarce ſpoke to her in public; in private they failed not to calumniate as well as ridicule her. That "the pretty, ſenſible, judicious Amelia, ſhould embrace at once impotence and poverty," was a ſubject that afforded food for ſpleen and ſatire.

Amelia, whoſe diſpoſition had ever been gay and volatile, finding herſelf now debarred from that circle of company to which her former plan of life entitled her, was compelled to aſſociate with the female world, whoſe higheſt claim was that of *demi-repiſm*. Amongſt theſe there were many who ſhuddered at the name of proſtitution, whilſt their greateſt merit conſiſted in the refinement of it.

Of the number of theſe ſome turned out to be bordering, if not abſolutely in that very ſtate, which they frequently calumniated. "She is a woman of no character;—there is no keeping company with her," would frequently iſſue from the lips of a female, who admitted half a dozen admirers, and who in fact ſubſcribed towards her *keeping*; but this was ſuppoſed to be a profound ſecret, and therefore her reputation was immaculate.

Juliana Biſhop, who has made ſo much noiſe in the gay and ſparkling world, was, at this time, preciſely in

this

this predicament. She rolled in her chariot, had a train of admirers, profeſſed virtue, talked of religion and morality, and yet lived at the rate of one thouſand a year without the viſible income of a ſhilling. People whiſpered Miſs Biſhop is kept—it cannot be, replied her advocates; ſhe treats all men alike, lets no one take liberties with her, and ſhe would not, upon any conſideration, ſuffer a male creature to ſleep in her houſe.

Such atteſtations in her favour, generally ſecured her from ſlander; and ſhe would probably have continued till now a demi-rep, if an unlucky accident had not blown up her reputation, and demoliſhed her beauty.

It were needleſs to hint that in the commerce of unreſtrained love, there is a fatal diſorder that ſometimes promulgates ſcandal more than all the tea-tables in the pariſhes of St. George's and St. James's, Weſtminſter; and carries with it ſuch proofs, as are but too ſelf-evident. It was ſo fated that this *inſidious malady* being communicated by an old knight, who had received it from his lady, made ſuch progreſs, thro' the agency of Juliana, that in leſs than a month it had found its way into twenty of the beſt families in the kingdom, and was likely not to have ſtopped at

" ———All the blood of all the Howards.

Juliana had no ſuſpicion of any ſuch accident, and therefore never once caſt a thought towards her real ſituation, till it was almoſt too late for her to think of it.

Two of her lovers had literally *dropt off*, and a third was preparing to pay a viſit to queen Dido, and the reſt of

of the ancient nobility, before ſhe was convinced that Sir John Shackle had abſolutely been the ſource of ſo much miſery and confuſion.

Her reputation was no ſmall obſtacle to her calling in the aſſiſtance of the *faculty*; but at length neceſſity ſurmounted theſe ſcruples, and the *chariots* and *full-bottomed* perriwigs which thronged at her door, declared Miſs Biſhop in a very dangerous way.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Some ſtrictures upon the preſent practice of phyſic, to which is added a genuine and curious conſultation of ſeveral well-known gentlemen of the faculty.

JULIANA's diſorder daily increaſed, inſomuch that her life was in danger. But as ſhe was in affluent circumſtances, ſhe reſolved that no coſt ſhould be ſpared to promote her recovery. The moſt celebrated of the faculty were accordingly convened, and a conſultation was preſently held upon the occaſion. Theſe gentlemen were made ſenſible that their opinion was to be extracted by that metal, the extraction of which has turned the brains of ſo many, even of the faculty: for indeed no other conſideration can ſet their chariot wheels a rolling. The ſons of Eſculapius think it no crime to let poverty be preſcribed for by nature, and ſhe generally proves the beſt phyſician: indigence has ſaved the life of many a patient, who would in opulence have died *ſecundem artem*, duly bliſtered, bled, purged, and clyſtered.

But wherefore this preamble?—it is time to attend the conſultation. The doctors were now met at Juliana's. After one had examined her tongue, another the motion of her eyes, a third had felt her pulſe, a fourth had weighed the ſediment of her urine—in fine, after each had, in his way, inſpected the patient, in order

order to pronounce upon the *prognoſtics* and the *diagnoſtics*, it was neceſſary for each to give his opinion.

One declared that the region of the ſpleen, was the principal ſeat of the diſorder; another maintained that it was in the liver; a third, according to Hippocrates, averred that the maſs of the blood was corrupted; a fourth was of opinion that the membranes and fibres ſhould undergo a revolution, as the patient's brain was affected: but this was oppoſed by another according to Galen, who maintained quite an oppoſite opinion; when a ſixth roſe up and contradicted them both, with a long quotation from an ancient Greek phyſician. The argument began now to be warm with abuſe. Mr. Johnſon, her attorney, who was preſent, judged it was proper to interpoſe, by repreſenting to them the injury they were doing to each other, and enjoined them to pacify themſelves, and come to ſome concluſion with reſpect to the moſt efficacious remedy for eradicating the diſorder which the patient laboured under.

This remonſtrance ſomewhat confuſed the gentlemen of the faculty, who were conſcious of the impropriety of laying aſide that gravity ſo eſſential to their characters; they therefore adjuſted their wigs, and for ſome time kept a profound ſilence: at length the ſenior doctor reſumed the diſcourſe: "This diſorder cannot be cured, ſaid he, without the patient's ſubmitting to the practice I have always followed—which is *fumigation*. The patient muſt be carefully wrapt up, when a thick ſmoke muſt be raiſed, in which ſhe muſt nearly ſuffocate, to become as it were a dried ham—

If

If not I pronounce *crevare.* You are miſtaken, replied another doctor, with ſome emotion, your method is not worth a farthing, without my improvement: I am the only perſon that ever diſcovered the true ſecret of curing this diſorder radically. The patient is troubled with peccant humours, is not that the caſe? Her blood is inflamed, over-heated; a burning chyle has ruined her conſtitution, and deſtroyed the ſymptoms of health and vigour. Very well, then *clyſters* only can moiſten and refreſh the parts—I therefore recommend the lady to follow my advice, otherwiſe—*crevare.*"

"You know nothing of the matter," ſays a little man with a hoarſe voice. "How much is human nature obliged to me! bereft of my aſſiſtance, no pleaſure can be taſted, without the fear of death. Shall then quackery be introduced every where? The only certain and efficacious remedy is mine. The whole world is convinced of the utility of *friction*—this is the paragon of medicine—the only delicious reſtorative—therefore ſtick to frictions and frictions only—the reſt is all chimera."

"No—replied another doctor with ſome acrimony (who much reſembled the celebrated profeſſor *Slop* and who borrowed his importance from the elegance of his equipage) the lady muſt have recourſe to my *ſpecific*, or rather my *ptiſan.* All Europe is acquainted with the amazing virtues of this water, which is by many thought, and not without reaſon, to be a miraculous compoſition. I take no more than fifty guineas, and you may drink your belly-full—It is true this ſum

may

may at firſt ſtartle a patient, when he conſiders it as the price of curing a diſorder that was caught in an inſtant, but it is better to know the expence at once; and let me tell you, madam, it were more eligible to pay fifty pieces to be cured, aye and radically cured, in ſo eaſy a manner, than to give twice the ſum to be fumigated, ſalivated, and purged to a ſkeleton, and at laſt be obliged to have recourſe to my ptiſan."

This harangue was ſuch a general attack upon all the reſt preſent, that it excited an univerſal murmur. There were two phyſicians of no ſmall conſequence (to themſelves at leaſt) who had hitherto kept the moſt profound ſilence, which they thought it was now high time to break through, after having been ſo long auditors to their brethren—but not without a continued ſmile of contempt.

The firſt of theſe united the coxcomb and phyſician in the ſame perſon. His three-tailed perriwig had a bag-front, over which was combed his toupee and ſide hair, nor were the tails long enough to reach his coat, he conſidering powdered ſhoulders to be abſolutely barbarous, eſpecially as he conſtantly dreſſed in black velvet, with a ſumptuous brocade waiſtcoat. His hands were ornamented with laced ruffles of no ſmall price; he took frequent opportunities of diſplaying a diamond ring, which ſet off his little finger; and his ſhoe-buckles were equally brilliant.

The ſecond ſeemed the contraſt to the laſt, he being ſo little attentive to the elegance or the adjuſtment of his peruke, that it underwent frequent removes during the eager attention he had paid to his brethren: a

camblet

camblet ſurtout, buttoned all the way up, prevented a diſcovery being made as to the colour of his under coat; ſo that nothing could be farther diſcovered of his dreſs than his ribbed hoſe and ſquare-toed ſhoes. This gentleman, however, had a patrimonial title, which he thought a ſufficient apology for the careleſſneſs of his appearance.

The firſt, whom we ſhall call *Halifario*, roſe up in a graceful manner, and having caſt his eyes round him with an air of triumph, bridled up, took a pinch of ſnuff, gave a flouriſh to his ring, hemmed, and ſpoke as follows:

"It is with reluctance that patients ſubmit to our rules; they often refuſe taking our medicines, which are in general very nauſeous. But why do they not purſue my method? Why do not phyſicians ſet their imaginations at work to gratify the palate of their patients, as well as remove their complaints? If this were the caſe, apothecaries would have more buſineſs than confectioners. I have devoted my whole life to ſtudying the cure of a certain diſorder; I have combined the ſtrength and the efforts of nature with the latent virtues and ſecret properties of plants—and what has been the iſſue of theſe indefatigable reſearches? Nothing but a *ſugar plumb!*—but of ſuch a nature are my *ſugar plumbs*, that they are ſwallowed with avidity in every corner of the globe—in *Nova Zembla*, as well as under the *line*; and I will give you the reaſon of their extenſive fame. My patients finding them ſo diametrically oppoſite to the common run of medicaments, delectable to the palate inſtead of nauſeous,

that

that they never omit taking them, and therefore never fail of being cured. They ſwallow them before company, and the world thinks they are eating ſweet-meats.—By this means a huſband has often cured his wife, whilſt he has been helping her to part of the deſert, and *vice verſa*. The ſhafts of envy has been played off againſt me—the ridicule of ſneerers has conſtantly retorted upon themſelves, as the facility, convenience, and even agreeableneſs of my remedy, are ſufficiently its patrons and protectors—nay, I might go farther, and with truth aver, that I have had patients who have eagerly ſought for the diſorder, that they might have the pleaſure of taking the remedy. Its name univerſally recommends it—a *ſugar plumb!* can any thing be ſweeter? It tickles the ear in the pronunciation as much, as it does the palate in eating—and who can ſuſpect a man to be under a regular courſe of phyſic by ſwallowing ſuch pretty ſweet-meats?"

Here Halifario cloſed with a ſmile of approbation at his own ingenious diſcourſe; then taking another pinch of ſnuff with his brilliant hand, he gently reclined himſelf upon a ſopha, and waited for applauſe.

Sir James ——, ſo far from paying him that adulation which he expected, reddened with reſentment at what he thought ſuch unexampled impudence and impertinence, when riſing from his ſeat, whilſt his perriwig was thruſt to the extremity of his head, and which in the emotion loſt its covering, he ſaid, with ſome vehemence, "I imagine that what I have invented is at leaſt upon a par with my brother's ſugar plumb's—I have compoſed an exquiſite liquid, which in point of flavour

flavour far ſurpaſſes *Champaigne* or even *Tokai*; and as to its utility, the many almoſt irremediable cures it has performed, are more than ſufficient to eſtabliſh its reputation, a few bottles only being neceſſary in the laſt ſtage of the diſorder. Let *Halifario* ſtill perſiſt in expoſing his ſugar plumbs—old women, children, and fops (for ſuch there are even amongſt the faculty) may approve of them—but men of ſenſe, and the lovers of Bacchus, will always be for my liquor of life, which inſpires joy, reſtores health, and cures the ſpleen, as well as the p—x."

But Halifario was not hereby convinced of the ſuperior excellence of Sir James's liquor, notwithſtanding he proteſted he conſtantly drank a bottle of it every night before he went to bed, although he had no ſuſpicion of his wife's health; and indeed if the reſt of the faculty had not interpoſed, perhaps the *ſugar plumbs and nectar*, though of ſuch ſuperexcellent qualities, might have fermented and produced very fatal conſequences.

This altercation was happily interrupted for the peace of the conſultation, by a meagre figure, whoſe every feature was truly medical, and who had been hitherto engaged in a ſilent computation by his fingers, of *forty dead, fifteen recovered.* "Madam, ſaid he, very abruptly, you would not have been in this deplorable ſtate, if you had been inoculated—but we may ſtill have recourſe to this remedy, which will ſoon be ſtyled the *univerſal panacæa.* Oh! miraculous inoculation, what prodigies doſt thou not perform! thou doſt communicate diſorders to healthy people, with which

which they, perhaps, would never have been afflicted —and thereby thou doſt moſt marvellouſly ſecure them from all their baneful conſequences—Thy praiſes cannot be too loudly ſung, moſt marvellous inoculation!"

After this marvellous declamation, exclamation, acclamation, whichever the reader chuſes to ſtyle it, hoſtilities were removed between the contending doctors. At length, however, it was agreed, that every one ſhould retire with his own opinion, and after having each received his fee, it was reſolved *nem. con.* that the debates of this conſultation had been very learned; and that there was no doubt but the patient would reap great benefit from it, as they were unanimouſly of opinion, that *Juliana was in a very dangerous way.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A picture of French gallantry, honour, and heroiſm; being a mirrour of Pariſian chivalry, coquetry, and intrigue.

THE reader, if poſſeſſed of thoſe bowels of compaſſion we could wiſh, muſt certainly have ſome tender emotions at the ſituation in which we left Juliana in the laſt chapter, and might expect to be preſented with a black leaf by way of wit and mourning inſtead of this; but luckily we find ourſelves reduced to no ſuch humorous expedient; for a diſtant relation of Juliana, bred to phyſic, who had been in the Weſt-Indies, returning at this critical time, and waiting upon her, had ſo much humanity, and ſo little tinctured with the ridiculous cuſtoms of the world, as not to conſider her preſent diſorder, or the connections it proceeded from, ſufficient grounds for ſtifling all feelings of charity.

The firſt and moſt ſalutary ſtep he took towards her cure, was ordering her door to be ſhut to all her former preſcribers; then ſtrictly attending to the progreſs the diſorder had made, and the force of her conſtitution, he in a ſhort time reſtored her ſo far to health, that he judged nothing was now neceſſary but a change of air to operate a perfect cure, to which end he ordered her to make a journey to Montpellier

It was in this tour that ſhe met with Amelia at Paris, and here a renewal of acquaintance took place; for

for as our heroine was ignorant of the cauſe of Juliana's voyage, ſo was ſhe equally as to her cenſurable conduct.

It was juſt at this period that an adventure which happened upon Amelia's account made much noiſe at Paris. She was walking one evening in the Thuilleries with Juliana and the marquis de ———, who was captain of a regiment of cavalry: but having retired from them for a few moments, they were accoſted by another officer, who behaved to them with great familiarity, and propoſed a *petit ſouper*, which plainly intimated his ſentiments concerning their virtue. Juſt at this time their military attendant rejoined them, and upon the ladies complaining of the indelicate behaviour of the intruder, the marquis de ——— immediately deſired him to retire; the ſtranger was preſently joined by two aſſociates, and this triumvirate proved no other than the marquis's colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major. He was upon the point of drawing, when the major admoniſhed him of the conſequence of doing ſo againſt his ſuperior officer. He recollected himſelf, ſheathed his ſword, and having waited upon the ladies home, and taken a haſty leave, he immediately ſet off for Verſailles, where, waiting upon the ſecretary at war, he threw up his commiſſion and returned to Paris; where ſeeking for the colonel, he fought him upon the Boulevard, and left him for dead; he then ſought the lieutenant-colonel, and meeting with him coming out of the opera, where he had been *aſſiſting*, he was now compelled to aſſiſt in a more ſerious ſcene; he was wounded, and taken into an adjacent coffee-

houſe.

houſe. Neither was his vengeance ſufficiently ſatisfied, nor his honour yet repaired. The next morning early he waited upon the major, who was at this time at Chantilly viſiting the prince de *Condé*. He found him reading Montaigne's eſſays upon a bench in the Park. Few compliments paſſed, before their naked ſwords determined their fate. The major fell ſpeechleſs upon the ſpot.

The marquis having thus repaired his honour, and compleated his revenge, judged it time to conſult his ſafety; he ſet off for England, and upon his arrival at Calais, wrote Amelia the following laconic letter:

Mon Ange,

Je n'ai que trois môts â vous dire—le colonel, le lieutenant-colonel, le major, ont payé le tribut de l'honneur.—J'eſpere que je vous verrai bien tot â Londre. Juſqu'âlors croyez moy plus que tout language peut exprimer,

Vôtre trés humble ſerviteur,

Le marquis de ——.

My Angel,

I have but three words to ſay, the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, have paid the tribute due to honour. I hope ſoon to ſee you at London. Till then, believe me more than language can expreſs,

Your moſt devoted ſervant,

The marquis de ——

This

This adventure, which, as uſual, was only a ſeven days wonder in Paris, made Amelia more talked of than all her former conduct had in London. Every one was inquiring for the *Belle Angloiſe*——la maitreſſe de monſieur le marquis de ———, and there was not a black or a grey mouſquetaire, but thought it a glory to toaſt her upon his knees.—As for the marquis he was conſidered as the eſſence of chivalry, the mirrour of gallantry, and the herald of honour.

Miſs Biſhop's errand was of ſuch a nature, as would not let her make any great ſtay at Paris; but notwithſtanding the preſent weak ſtate of her health, the gaiety and vivacity of this metropolis ſo charmed her, that ſhe reſolved to return to it as ſoon as ſhe had compleated the preſcription of her kinſman.

Amelia ſtill remained at Paris for ſome obvious reaſons, that ſhall be ſet forth in the next chapter, notwithſtanding the repeated vehement requeſts of the marquis de ——— for her to return to London.

CHAP. XXII.

Some whimſical animadverſions upon love. The count's narrow eſcape from France. His arrival in England. The ſituation of a foreigner in diſtreſs in London.

THE reader may, perhaps, be unable to account for Amelia's non-compliance with the requeſt in her lover's epiſtle; and may think there was a ſpice of ingratitude in her coolneſs upon the occaſion, too often the caſe in every rank of life, who adulate the riſing ſun, but think not of the genial heat they have received from Phœbus when obſcured by a cloud. But ingratitude is not now to be attributed to Amelia; and though the captain's ſtars did not ſhine at preſent, in the Pariſian hemiſphere, they had ſufficiently influenced our heroine's affections, not to be obliterated by a reverſe of fortune.

Love, all-powerful love, operates by ſuch a variety of cauſes, and produces ſuch unexpected and extraordinary effects, that no one (eſpecially a female) who yields her unguarded heart to the little blind tyrant, can be ſure of ſecuring any other part of herſelf afterwards; for as Butler archly expreſſes it,

"Lovers hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lungs, nor lights—and ſo forth downwards".

If after this, good reader, thou art unable to frame a conjecture upon the occaſion, I will tell thee——

Amelia

Amelia was pregnant, and near her time, and it would have been dangerous for her to have undertaken the voyage in ſuch a ſituation.

Her lover narrowly eſcaped the myrmidons of the police, and was obliged at Calais to put on a female habit to elude the vigilance of his purſuers, who were there almoſt as ſoon as himſelf. They entered Grand Sire's whilſt he was at dinner, and inquired if an officer had not arrived there from Paris. This honeſt hoſt was an old acquaintance of the captain's, and had acted the friendly part by furniſhing him with one of his wife's ſacks, and the other accountrements of his preſent dreſs. He told them there was no body there but a lady at preſent; but that he believed the perſon they were in ſearch of, had been at his houſe that morning, and had hired poſt-horſes for Flanders: this diverted their enquiry, and they ſet forward for Liſle, leaving the count peaceably to his ſoup, and he that evening embarked on board the pacquet-boat for England.

Upon his arrival at Dover he had no longer any occaſion to wear his diſguiſe, but reſumed his former military dreſs. When he reached the metropolis he was almoſt pennyleſs, without any acquaintance, or daring to make himſelf known to the ambaſſador. He was not, however, under any great embarraſſment as to the language, as he found almoſt every one underſtood him; and he could not help, even in his diſtreſs, aſſuming a little national pride at the univerſality of his mother-tongue. This pride, however, was not ſo great as to ſurmount all his ambition—to eat; and the erroneous idea of a French gentleman, that he ſhould

rather ſtarve than get his bread by induſtry, was totally evaporated ſince he had breathed Engliſh air. He accordingly applied himſelf to a notary-public near the Change, to enquire if he could procure him any employment, as he wrote a pretty good hand for a Frenchman, and had a grammatical knowledge of his own language, which is very ſeldom the caſe, even amongſt the nobility of that kingdom. The notary very ingenuouſly told him, that unleſs he could tranſlate from the Engliſh, he could procure him no employment; but recommended him to a regiſter-office near Holborn, telling him that probably he might obtain the place of tutor to ſome nobleman's ſon by that means, for which he ſeemed, and was in reality, very well qualified.

Upon his application to the keeper of this office, who extracted from him his laſt half crown, before he would give him any anſwer concerning the buſineſs he enquired about, he was informed that thoſe employments were very ſcarce and difficult to be obtained; that his ignorance of the Engliſh language would be prejudicial to him; and perhaps his religion might be a material objection: but that he might depend upon having the firſt vacancy of the kind that offered, where theſe conſiderations were no bars.

This being all the conſolation he received, he inquired for the cheapeſt part of the town as to board and lodging, and was informed that *le quartier du Grec* (anglice) Old Soho, would be the moſt ſuitable to him for the preſent. Thither then he repaired, and

ſoon

ſoon got initiated into an attic ſtory and a cheap ordinary.

Being moneyleſs and friendleſs, it is not at all aſtoniſhing that he ſhould ſoon find the way to the pawnbroker's; or that his gold watch ſhould, by a kind of inſtinctive impulſe, go thither—when wound up by itſelf. It was made by le Roy, and had coſt twenty louis d'ors in Paris; he, however, could obtain no more than five guineas upon it from the *conſcientious* uſurer, who, preying upon the vitals of neceſſity, availing himſelf of the additional advantage of the count's being a foreigner, and there being but few of the trade beſides himſelf to whom he could have made himſelf underſtood.

CHAP. XXIII.

An apology for the muſes. The out-lines of Mr. Stanza's figure, and his acquaintance with the count.

IN the ſame houſe on the ſame attic floor dwelt a a poet. There is an aſtoniſhing fatality attendant on the votaries of the muſes: one would be inclined to think that they were the moſt avaricious miſtreſſes upon *earth* (when they reſide there) and that they were ſo mercileſs in their demands, as never to let their admirers remain poſſeſſed of the ſmalleſt treaſure. But this is really not the caſe, for theſe ladies are very reaſonable in their requeſts, and never require a ſhilling for all the favours they beſtow. How comes it, then, that *poverty* is their motto, and *rags* their ſtandard? The plain truth is, that vanity has retained many an imaginary poet in their ſervice, who would have made an excellent porter; and by miſapplying his talents, and loſing his time, he has brought himſelf to beggary, when the exertion of thoſe powers that nature had really beſtowed, would have ſecured him from want, if not put him in the road to opulence.

There is a congeniality in poverty that brings men together, and makes them, by a parity of fortune, forget all diſtinctions of rank. The captain, who had kept the beſt company in Paris, and would have

have been terrified at the thought of aſſociating with ſuch an epitome of miſery, found a convenience in Mr. Stanza's acquaintance, that eaſily ſurmounted all apprehenſions of being alſo acquainted with the poet's conſtant and attendant inmates.

Mr. Stanza underſtood French, and could with ſome difficulty make the captain comprehend him; by which means the latter obtained the knowledge of many things that were neceſſary for a perſon to know who propoſed reſiding in London. There was one thing which was the moſt important of any for the count to be acquainted with at this juncture: this was how to obtain money when entirely deſtitute of it in a ſtrange country. The poet had ſeen him diſplay his watch, and was aſtoniſhed upon hearing that it was gold, that the captain ſhould complain of the want of money: but the captain told him he was unwilling to ſell it, as it was a preſent from a near relation. The poet, whoſe imagination eaſily ſurmounted this objection, told him there were convenient places in London, where people could obtain money without ſelling their effects; and that if he pleaſed he would conduct him to one of theſe, and that he believed the perſon who kept it ſpoke French, as his name was a foreign one. The captain's countenance cleared up at this information, and they preſently ſet forward together, the poet acquainting him that he had ſomething to depoſite there himſelf.

In their way thither they met an Iriſh *gentleman*, who was juſt arrived from Dublin, with the *modeſt* deſign of making his fortune in England by the comelineſs of his perſon, and his happy addreſs. As the converſation that took place cannot be properly communicated in any other form than a dialogue, we ſhall, perhaps, without many precedents in this kind of writing, give two ſcenes, the form of which we flatter ourſelves the reader will pardon for the ſake of the matter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

HOG-LANE, SOHO.

SCENE I.

Enter O'Calligan in dirty half-boots, with a little bundle in his hand.

'PON my ſhoul this ſame London is a bloody long way from Cheſter——and if I don't make my fortune very ſoon, I'm ſure my ſhoes will never carry me back again——but if I get this great heireſs, I may chance to ride back, and ſo ſhave them: arrah, now, this is a bloody dare place; I've bane here but an hour and ſpent two thirteens, and they've ſhated me of two-pence already.—By my ſhoul if they go on at this rate, they'll be too cunning for Paddy—but Patrick O'Calligan knows a trick worth two of that, for by Jaſus I'll go to the people that lend money, the pawn-brokers I think they call 'em, and by St. Patrick I'll pawn my honor: that I'll leave with them for good.

Enter Captain and Poet with a manuſcript under his arm.

Poet. Divine muſes, Thalia, Melpomene, Clio, will you never deign to caſt one kind glance on your conſtant votary?——It muſt be ſo: Plato, thou reaſoneſt well——

O'Call. 'Pon my ſhoul, this man talks very well, if one could but underſtand him——he muſt be an Iriſh player. Save you, my dear, are not you from Smock-Alley?

Poet. —No, Parnaſſus—Olympus.

O'Call. By Jaſus, I never heard of thoſe ſtreats in Dublin before.

Poet. —No—they are the ſeats of ſcience and divine poetry—.

O'Call. Arrah now do they lend a ſtranger money there?

Poet. O no! ſuch baſe concerns are confined to this hither ball.

O'Call. 'Pon my ſhoul now you've hit it—where is this ſame ball, I am told there's three of them.

Poet. Thither will I lead thee—Go on, I'll follow thee.

O'Call. By Jaſus, that's our country way of leading a man.

SCENE II.

A pawn-broker's ſhop, with the pigeon-holes in front.

A beau pulls off his laced coat, and waiſtcoat, wraps up the latter, and buttons up his coat carefully, to prevent his ſhirt being ſeen, and then pops his waiſtcoat, which he does in a whiſper; looks about him coming out, and ſneaks off with the loan. A beggarly woman drops her quilted petticoat, and reels into one of the pigeon holes with it.

Enter

Enter a journeyman ſhoemaker in his waiſtcoat with a *laſt* in his hand.

Shoem. By Criſpin, theſe are hard times—a man can ſcarce live now, if he do not work four days in the week—we have the good of the nation too much at heart, that's certain—but times will mend, never mind it, here is my *laſt* pop.

Enter O'Calligan, Captain, and Poet. The latter points to the pigeon holes.

O'Call. —Ah! my dear joy that muſt be it—— (goes up to the pawn-broker) by Jaſus, honey, I am heartily glad to *ſay* you—I've been looking for you up and down every ſtreet in this large town, and though they told me you lived at the three blue-balls, I could not find you, for I ſee nothing elſe but three blue-balls —pray, my dear joy, what may your name be?

Pawnb. Gripeau, at your ſervice.

O'Call. Ah! my dare Mr. Gripeau, I am heartily rejoiced to mate with you—but I have ſome little buſineſs to ſpeak to you about, which I would be glad to do in private.

Pawnb. Sir, you can't be more private—Thoſe partitions are made on purpoſe for privacy.

O'Call. Arrah! my dear joy, that may be very true —but though they do not ſee me, they may know my face, by the twiſt of my pronunciation.

Pawnb. That's impoſſible.

O'Call.

O'Call. By Jaſus! my dear honey, if that's the caſe, you muſt know I am come to borrow twenty pounds of you, will you lend it me?

Pawnb. Doubtleſs, Sir.

O'Call. 'Pon my ſhoul, now, I always ſaid you were a very honeſt fellow, though I never ſaw you before in my born days——give us your hand, my dear boy.

Pawnb. What have you got to pledge?

O'Call. To pledge, my dear!

Pawnb. Yes, what ſecurity do you propoſe giving me?

O'Call. Security! what do you mane by ſecurity now! I'll give you my word of honour—and let me tell you the word of honour of the O'Calligans is ſufficient ſecurity for fifty times the ſum.

Pawnb. Very likely, Sir; but you are an entire ſtranger to me, and I muſt have ſomething depoſited in hand.

O'Call. 'Pon my ſhoul now this is ſomething very extraordinary—well, my dear joy, I'll give you my note.

Pawnb. I could not do it, Sir, even if indorſed by a good man. There are people that do things that way, but I deal only for pledges.

O'Call. Pray, Sir, an't you an uſurer?

Pawnb. No, Sir, I am a pawn-broker, licenſed according to act of parliament.

O'Call. 'Pon my ſhoul, now, I believe you are a very great ſcoundrel, and if I had you in Tipperary I'd tell you ſo. [Exit in a paſſion.

The

The poet comes forward.

Poet. Sir, what can you lend me upon this valuable manuſcript? When finiſhed it will be worth five hundred pounds at leaſt.

Pawnb. What, ſermons, I ſuppoſe,—no, Sir, they won't do; they will never keep two years from being worm-eaten.

Poet. Sermons! you are miſtaken—It is a perfect tragedy, all but the cataſtrophe and chriſtening.

Pawnb. I don't know what you mean by catſtuffing and chriſtening; but if you chuſe to ſell it for waſte paper, I'll give you three pence a pound, which is more than it's worth, or any cheeſemonger will pay for it.

Poet. O tempora, O mores!——Oh inſulted muſe! Melpomene! in juſtice to thyſelf ſhower thy daggers on this caitif's head———plunge your poniards to his very heart—infuſe your poiſon in every bowl he taſtes—diſpatch him to the infernal ſhades, and may his ghoſt feel all the agonies, and every pungent diſtreſs, he ſo amply adminiſters to the wretched here.

We have already intimated that the captain was more ſucceſsful in his application, ſo that it were needleſs to repeat here the converſation that paſſed between him and Mr. Gripeau.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

A bull in the epiſtolary way—An Iriſh ſoliloquy—and a little touch in the Shandean ſtile. A viſit to Amelia at Paris; the reader drinks caudle with her, and makes a ſpeedy return.

IF the reader was ever under the diſagreeable neceſſity of popping his head (I do not mean by way of pledge) into a pawnbroker's ſhop, I believe he will do juſtice to the painting in the preceding chapter, though ſuch characters as Mr. O'Calligan and Mr. Stanza are not always to be met with there. As this Iriſh gentleman will preſently figure a little in this hiſtory, we cannot leave him ſo abruptly, but muſt introduce him in the following ſoliloquy, when a letter written in a female hand was through miſtake delivered to him by a porter.

O'Calligan had no ſooner got into the ſtreet than he rouſed his ſpleen againſt the pawnbroker. "A curſe upon all uſurers, ſay I—A ſhentleman might ſtarve in Leadenhall-market, before they'd lend him a guinea upon honour"—When he had got thus far in his ſoliloquy, a porter aſked him if he was not lately come from Dublin, which O'Calligan anſwering in the affirmative, preſented him with a letter, ſaying, I believe, Sir, then this is for you. O'Calligan, without looking at the ſuperſcription, which contained a very different name, only kept his eyes upon the ſeal, ſaying—"From ſome woman of faſhion, by the crownet and gold edges—"

when

when opening it, he read, "Fail not coming at ſeven—men of honour of your country are never backward in the field of Mars and Venus."—— "Arrah now, Paddy (ſaid he) did not I tell you your fortune would be made as ſoon as you got to London—no, no, my dear creature, I'll convince you that Pat O'Calligan, is as forward as any of his countrymen, when he has got rid of a little naſhional baſhfulneſs, and is clane ſhaved with a ruffle ſhirt."

It is pretty plain that the lady who wrote this had an Hibernian in her eye, and that ſhe expected him at ſeven; but that it was not Mr. O'Calligan the ſequel of this adventure, which we ſhall preſently give the reader, will clearly make appear.

But it is time we ſhould look to Amelia, or elſe our readers will be apt to think our method ſomewhat too Shandean.

We left her big with child, and ready to lie-in—— Now what is the conſequence of a woman's being big with-child and ready to lie-in—why the conſequence uſually is (I think the doctors ſay) being brought to bed. A pedant would cavil for an hour upon this expreſſion, to explain the derivation, and after having rendered it more doubtful than before, leave the reader in the dark to unravel the myſtery himſelf. A punſter, or a dealer in paradoxes, would tell us that a woman is always brought to bed before ſhe is brought to bed, except ſhe is brought to bed in the ſtreet, and then there is no bed in the caſe.

But there is no time to be loſt in ſuch reſearches and quibbles; I am almoſt aſhamed of having ſo much as hinted

hinted at them—I could find in my heart to blot out the whole paragraph———but the printer's devil is waiting for copy, and it will juſt fill up a ſheet.

This is the firſt time I have treſpaſſed upon the reader's patience, and I hope he (or ſhe) will excuſe me, conſidering the cogency of the reaſon.

Amelia had brought forth a fine chopping boy, without either the Cæſarian operation, or any of the ugly inſtruments uſed in the obſtetric art; and ſhe was at this very time drinking caudle, with as much compoſure as if nothing at all had happened of the ſort; but not without ſome kind reflections upon her dear count. She had as yet received no news from him ſince he gave her an account of his *affaire d'honneur*; and ſhe had reaſon to apprehend that he was gone to the banks of the Styx the ſame way as his brother officers, or that he was taken up, and would probably end his days in a more ignominious manner.

Theſe conjectures were but a prelude to a letter which ſhe received from him, and in which he gave her a detail of all that had happened to him ſince his departure. Glad as ſhe was at finding him alive and in good health, ſhe could not avoid thoſe tender feelings which the ſympathy of woe excites in us. Though ſhe had been brought to bed but three days, ſhe nevertheleſs ordered pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to him the ſame night. This letter never reached him, otherwiſe it would have removed his immediate wants, as ſhe incloſed in it a bill of exchange for a thouſand livres.

Thinking,

Thinking, however, that ſhe had by this early anſwer afforded her lover ſome relief, ſhe ſurmounted the anguiſh his letter had communicated, and her recovery daily increaſed, inſomuch that in a fortnight's time ſhe was able to go about the houſe, and began to make preparations for her voyage to England, which ſhe propoſed undertaking as ſoon as poſſible.

Miſs Biſhop was now perfectly recovered, and was a conſtant viſitor of Amelia's. She propoſed accompanying her back to England, by which the journey wore a more pleaſing aſpect, than if ſhe had been compelled to travel alone, or with ſtrangers.

We ſhall leave the ladies at Paris packing up their baggage, and hiring a poſt-chaiſe, whilſt we attend our new Iriſh acquaintance in his appointment, according to the letter he had received.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

Mr. O'Calligan's reception at lady E———n's. The treatment he meets with from a rival. Her ladyſhiy's enjoyment upon the occaſion.

OUR Iriſh adventurer failed not to repair punctually at the hour to lady E———n's whoſe addreſs he had found in the letter. The ſervant who opened the door admitted him, and he was introduced into the drawing-room, whilſt her ladyſhip was for ſome time at her toilet. In the mean while he was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the elegance of the furniture, and ſtudied ſeveral awkward compliments, which he propoſed exhibiting upon his goddeſs's appearance. At length the door opened, and lady E——— appeared in all her glory! Mr. O'Calligan now paid obeiſance in the beſt manner he was able, and was going to ſalute her ladyſhip, when ſhe hit him a ſlap on the face, aſking what rude fellow had intruded thus impertinently upon her preſence? To which Paddy replied, "'Pon my ſhoul now, if you had not ſent for me, I never ſhould have come—but you are ſuch a *ſtriking* beauty, there is no reſiſting you." Saying this, he produced the letter, which had occaſioned the miſtake. "You ſee, Sir, it is not directed to you, and muſt have been delivered to you by ſome blundering Iriſhman like your ſelf." "By J—s, (reſumed the hero) I never thought of looking at the outſide of a letter—I thought all that was

was worth reading, was contained within. But now I am here, cannot I ſerve as *locum tenens?*

By this time Mr. O—l (to whom the letter was really addreſſed, and who had heard the laſt expreſſions) entered. Her ladyſhip immediately acquainted him, that the impoſtor before him, had endeavoured to perſonate Mr. O——l, and had taken great liberties. Mr. O——l no ſooner heard this, than he took Mr. O'Calligan by the collar, and kicked him down ſtairs. Our hero found himſelf in an inſtant turned into the ſtreet, where he had time to ruminate upon this adventure: he had not gone far, before he met with an acquaintance he had made that day at an ordinary, and to whom he had intimated his good fortune, and even ſhewn the letter, which he had received through miſtake. This convivial companion hoped he might congratulate him upon his good fortune; to which Paddy replied, ſhaking his head, "By J—s, I believe I have not made my fortune ſo ſure as I expected, for though I have ſeen the lady, I have received ſuch a broad hint, that I do not think I ſhall return again in a hurry." He then related his adventure very faithfully, and concluded with ſaying, "Am I not a very unfortunate ſcoundrel, not to be able to plaſe, as well as Mr. O——l?"

The ſtranger enjoyed the account, and ironically condoled with him upon the occaſion. It would be impoſſible to depict the pleaſantry this adventure occaſioned to lady E——n, and her *chêr ami*, as it for ſome time made them forget the intent of their meeting that evening, which was to ſacrifice to the Cyprian goddeſs:

deſs: however, her ladyſhip's recollection ſoon came into play, and the idea of the impoſtor was baniſhed, for the enjoyment of the real object of her wiſhes.

How count —— paſſed his time, during Amelia's abſence, might eaſily be collected from his regular appearance at all public places. Ranelagh and Vauxhall could always afford him ſolace; the inſincerity, or caprices of woman never giving him the leaſt uneaſineſs. At home he had an agreeable *embonpoint*, in the capacity of houſekeeper, who did the honors of his table, and whoſe converſation was as engaging as her perſon: abroad he relaxed from diſagreeable reflection, with ſome faſhionable grizette; who amuſed him, and made his time glide pleaſantly away.

But it is time we ſhould have an eye to our heroine, as we left her in a maternal ſtate, which required the attendance of the members of the obſtetric art, in a foreign land, and amongſt ſtrangers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Amelia ſets out from Paris. Some adventures upon the road, arrives in England. Renews her acquaintance with her lover. Finds him in great diſtreſs, relieves him, makes acquaintance with captain ——, which induces her to break off her connection with her French lover.

OUR heroine being perfectly recovered from her late temporary indiſpoſition, agreed with Miſs Biſhop, to ſet out for England. They accordingly hired a poſt-chaiſe, and took the rout to Calais. Nothing material occurred on the road, till they arrived at Abbeville: whilſt they were at tea, a mendicant friar was introduced, who petitioned the ladies for alms. He was a handſome man, about thirty-two, by birth an Iriſhman, who had known Miſs Biſhop in England, and there was reaſon to think from the ſequel, that ſome intimacies had paſſed between them. The ladies courteouſly intreated him to ſit down and drink tea, which he complied with; when he finding the party were no prudes, related many adventures and intrigues he had with the nuns. Miſs Biſhop, recovered from her illneſs, was, as ſhe declared, a veſtal from that time, and though ſhe had no nun's fleſh about her, ſhe ſtill had ſo great a regard for the cloth, that her eyes began to ſparkle at the luſcious deſcriptions the holy father gave.

Amelia having occaſion to retire for ſome ſhort time, unintentionally interrupted the holy father and Miſs Biſhop (whoſe name might ſeem to intitle her to the benefit

benefit of the clergy) realizing one of thoſe ſcenes, which he had ſo naturally depicted: Amelia immediately retired, and left the lovers to accompliſh the ſacrifice.

They at length ſent for Miſs Gunnerſbury, and the whole paſſed off in a laugh. Soon after Miſs Biſhop had occaſion to retire, when his reverence very kindly propoſed performing the ſecond act with Amelia. Here the faithful hiſtorian muſt drop the pen, as he cannot poſitively aſcertain whether the conſummation took place. But as he his willing to take the moſt favourable ſide of the queſtion, he will ſuppoſe, for prudential reaſons, that ſhe declined the engagement.

After having beſtowed their alms, and taken leave of the friar, they reſumed their poſt-chaiſe, and ſet off for Calais, where they embarked on board the packet, and once more trod on Engliſh ground.

Upon their arrival in London, Amelia's firſt intention was to enquire after the count, whom to her great mortification ſhe found lodged in a lock-up houſe, where he was detained for a ſmall debt he had contracted, and was unable to pay. Her ſurpriſe was the greater, conſidering the remittances ſhe had made him, but which never reached him. She immediately relieved him, and having hired a genteel lodging in the polite part of the town for him, ſhe occaſionally viſited him, and afforded him a decent ſupport, which ſhe propoſed continuing till he could ſettle his affairs in France.

In the mean while, two incidents tended to diſſolve this connection: the count being now in eaſy circumſtances, and making a genteel appearance, he reſorted

to

to the public places; and at Ranelagh made an acquaintance with an opera dancer, which excited Amelia's jealouſy and reſentment. About the ſame time ſhe fell in company with captain ——, a gentleman who had many excellent qualities to recommend him to the fair ſex; and amongſt others, his courage and intrepidity, which had ſo greatly diſtinguiſhed him in the laſt war: a perfect conſtancy enſued between them, and the world in general believed they were married, as ſhe appeared in every reſpect the domeſticated female. It is, however, certain that before the death of this gentleman, a marriage was really celebrated, and ſhe has ſeveral children now living by him.

The count finding that Amelia had made this acquaintance, cooled alſo in turn: tho' a friendſhip ſtill ſubſiſted between them, which continued after the captain went abroad: but a ſtill more cogent reaſon operated to diſſolve their alliance, with which the reader will be made acquainted in a ſubſequent chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Her conduct during the captain's abſence. Her acquaintance with colonel C——: his fruitleſs endeavours to perſuade her to yield to his ſolicitations. Her letter to lady H——, upon the occaſion.

NO ſooner was it known that the captain was gone abroad, than ſhe had a number of ſuitors, ſome upon honourable, others upon temporary terms. Merchants, lawyers, phyſicians, prieſts and ſoldiers; but as her finances were not yet exhauſted, ſhe had the fortitude to withſtand all their attacks. Neceſſity, indeed, might compel her to yield, but as ſhe had not at preſent this plea, and having reſolved, if ever ſhe gave her hand, to give it to her dear captain ——, ſhe was proof againſt all the attempts that were made upon her.

A certain little manager, who had not long ſtarted from the univerſity, falling into company with her at a maſquerade, was ſo ſtruck with the ſprightlineſs and pleaſantry of her converſation, that he made her ſome offers, that few women in her ſituation would have refuſed: ſhe rallied him upon the occaſion, and the poignancy of her ſatire, ſo ſtung him, that he was glad to retreat, as ſome of his acquaintance were coming up, and he was fearful they ſhould overhear the converſation.

Soon after the celebrated colonel C——s made an attack in form upon her; but as Amelia was acquainted with his connection with lady H——, friendſhip prompted her to decline his addreſs; a circumſtance that

that does great honour to our heroine, particularly as the aſſailant's powers in love are ſo well known. After repeated refuſals, ſhe found herſelf under the neceſſity of writing to her ladyſhip, to induce him to diſcontinue his importunities. The epiſtle upon this occaſion, was nearly as follows:

My dear lady,

I am ſorry to be compelled to trouble your ladyſhip upon a ſubject, that muſt be as diſagreeable to yourſelf as it is to me.

Your doughty and intrepid lover, colonel C—, has laid cloſe ſiege to me for ſome weeks; and I can aſſure you, I do not know whether the citadel will be able to hold out much longer, unleſs you afford me relief; I have remonſtrated, and even ſcolded, in vain. He ſays, he is reſolved I ſhall comply: for God's ſake, wean him from me.

This letter is not wrote underhand, to diminiſh the good opinion you entertain of him; but merely that you may ſecure him to yourſelf, and rid me of ſo agreeable a teazer. I have told him, that I ſhould take this ſtep, ſo that he will not be ſurpriſed at your ſhewing it to him.

In return, whenever you are plagued with a lover, whom you think I have any influence over, I will exert all my abilities to rid you of him.

I am, my dear lady,
Your's, &c.
A. G.

This letter had the deſired effect; lady H——n kept ſuch a tight hand upon the colonel, that ſhe would

ſcarce let him go out of her ſight for ſome weeks: ſhe made him one of all her parties, and kept him ſo completely to herſelf, that he had ſcarce time to perform his military duty.

Counſellor D— was then a younger man by ſeveral years, when hearing of Amelia's uncommon abilities, he took pains to be introduced into her company, and found that her merit had not been over-rated. She was ſtill invulnerable to his eloquence, and all the rhetoric he could call forth, made no impreſſion on her.

But frailty, thy name is woman, as we ſhall ſoon find, in the conduct of Amelia. She had for ſome time lived in great ſplendour, and afforded temporary douceurs to the count, notwithſtanding the coolneſs that prevailed between them. Her finances were now greatly diminiſhed: ſhe had not heard from her dear captain a conſiderable time, who had promiſed to make her occaſional remittances. In fine, it was time to make ſome proviſion, and we ſhall find in the firſt chapter of the next volume, that ſhe thought it prudent to turn over a new leaf, which the reader is alſo requeſted to do, to purſue the ſequel of this hiſtory.

END OF VOL. I.

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